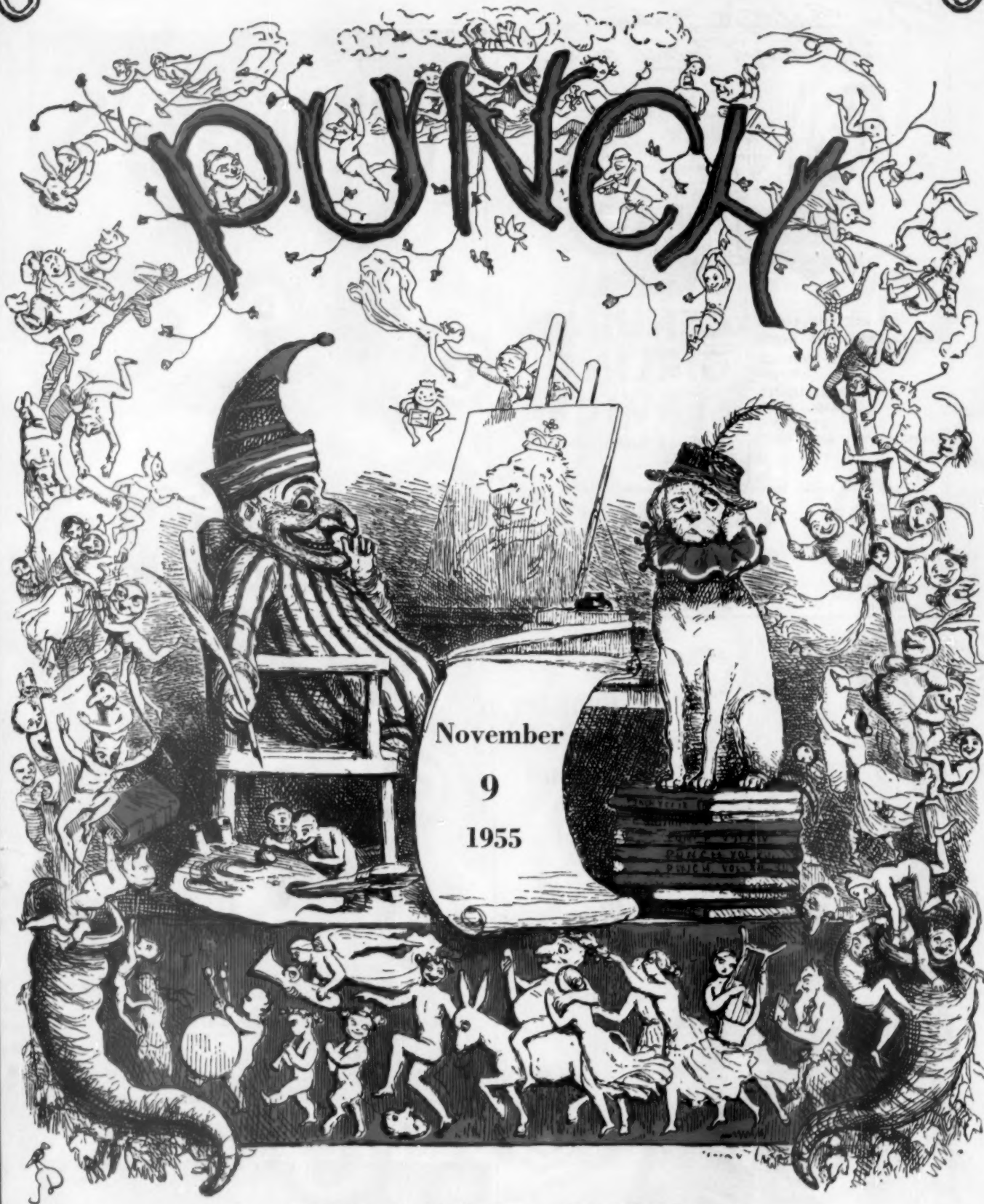


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—November 9 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4.

"For Safety's Sake
I always insist on....



FACTORY LINED
REPLACEMENT BRAKE SHOES
FACTORY REBUILT
DAMPERS
GENUINE
GIRLING SPARES
GENUINE
GIRLING CRIMSON BRAKE FLUID

**GENUINE
GIRLING
SERVICE**

when my brakes need
attention...

ASK YOUR LOCAL AUTHORISED GIRLING SERVICE AGENT

GIRLING

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

WAY OUT AHEAD

GIRLING LIMITED
KINGS ROAD, TYSELEY,
BIRMINGHAM 11



**Banister,
Walton
build
in
steel**

BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD. STRUCTURAL STEEL (Riveted-Welded)
LONDON S.W.1, 82 Victoria St. MANCHESTER 17, Trafford Pk. BIRMINGHAM 10, 61/63 Western Rd.

HC915500

LUCAS

**BRITAIN'S BEST
CAR BATTERY**



has
**MANY PATENTED AND
EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**

**2 YEARS
INSURED LIFE**

At any time after the initial six months free
warranty period and within two years of
purchase your local garage can exchange your
Lucas car battery for a new one at a cost propor-
tionate to the length of service. Ask for full details.
(This scheme applicable to the British Isles only.)

AT NO EXTRA COST!

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND



Freddy

WHO SECURED A REMUNERATIVE POSITION

When Cousin Freddy was Sent Down,
He went to seek a job in Town
From Something in the City, who
Was Uncle to a chap he knew.
"At Oxford," said this Great Mogul
"What Flowers of Learning did you cull?"
And Freddy answered, bowing low,
"Dread Sir, they taught me how to row—

Lit.Hum., a shred—some Latin tags—
A taste in clothing—and for Rags.
But best of all, I found a brew,
Delectable, yet Good for You,
Called Guinness, quite ambrosial stuff—"
The worthy Magnate cried, "Enough!
My boy, it's certain you'll go far.
Come, make a start, and clean my car!"

LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS



CATS AND ELEPHANTS



Cats may have nine lives but they run through the lot of them in five or six years. Happier the elephant with one life that may last a century. Which reminds us of Pyrotanax M.I. Cables—which last longer still!

Pyrotanax

COPPER COVERED M.I. CABLES

PERFECTED BY EXPERIENCE

are
practically
everlasting

The use of the trade name "Pyrotanax" is exclusive to the products of this Company and its associates.

The virtual indestructibility of "Pyrotanax" Cables results from their unique construction—just simply ductile copper cores embedded in pure mineral insulant, all firmly enclosed in a seamless ductile, copper sheath. Being wholly inorganic, Pyrotanax Cables are also essentially fire-resistant, unaffected by water, oil, condensation or corrosion; and moreover, they are vermin-proof, even against white ants. Easily installed they require no maintenance.

A non-technical description of 'Pyrotanax' is given in our booklet "Current Carrying". For the technical man "Technical Data" is available—write for your copy.

PYROTENAX LTD · Hebburn-on-Tyne

Phone: **HEBBURN 32244, 7**

LONDON	BIRMINGHAM	MANCHESTER	LEEDS	GLASGOW
Phone: Abbey 1654/5	Phone: Midland 1265	Phone: Blackfriars 6946	Phone: Leeds 27826	Phone: Central 2238

GD14



"You wouldn't think I was a customer of the Westminster Bank, would you? I'm not really, I suppose.

But Dad made something called a Trust—I'm not quite sure about the details. Anyway, the Westminster Bank looks after the money and pays my school fees and arranges about my pocket money and all that sort of thing. I must say they're jolly decent about everything. I go and see the man at the Bank sometimes, in fact we're pretty friendly really. He seems to take an interest in me, if you know what I mean —makes a fellow feel sort of comfortable . . ."

The Trustee Department's Services are fully described in a booklet called 'The Westminster Bank as Executor or Trustee' available free of charge at any branch of the Bank.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED
TRUSTEE DEPARTMENT

STEEL
from stock

PREVAILING CONDITIONS MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO MEET ALL DEMANDS. WE ARE, HOWEVER, DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO PROVIDE A FAIR SHARE OF OUR PRODUCTS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS.

C. C. DUNKERLEY & CO. LTD

Established 1845

STORE STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

Telephone, Ardwick 2261-7 Telegrams, "Ajax," Manchester

Also at:—AJAX WORKS, off Windmill Lane, CHESHUNT, Nr. Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire.

Telephone, Waltham Cross 3048 Telegrams, "Ajax," Waltham Cross

GIVE THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS— STATE EXPRESS 555



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.



ENGLISH PEWTER TANKARDS

Made in Sheffield in hammered finish, with the traditional glass base, and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes.

1/2 pt. Tankard	...	27/6
1 pt. Tankard	...	37/6

Christmas Gifts and State Express—to many they are synonymous. Over the years Christmas gift packings of State Express Cigarettes have been relied on to solve the problems of presents for friends and family. Within this season's range there is an appropriate choice for every purpose.



GREETINGS PACKINGS OF STATE EXPRESS 555

In colourful outers with a picturesque illustration of seasonable character.

50 State Express 555 cigarettes	...	10/-
100 State Express 555 cigarettes	...	20/-



PRESENTATION CABINET

Styled in the traditional State Express 555 manner, this Cabinet in Primrose and Gold contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes ... 30/-

STATE EXPRESS 555



*The Best
Cigarettes in
the World*



SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

3%

Income Tax Paid

The interest rate of 3 per cent per annum on Share Accounts, income tax paid by the Society, represents a return on every £100 invested equivalent to £5.44 per cent to all investors subject to the standard rate of income tax. Ordinary Deposit Accounts earn 2½ per cent per annum, income tax paid, which is equivalent to £4.61 per cent where the standard rate of income tax is paid. Amounts up to £5,000 are accepted by the Society.

Interest Half-Yearly

Sums invested may be withdrawn at convenient notice; interest which is paid half-yearly, commences from the day after the investment is received and continues to the date of withdrawal.

Security of Capital

Abbey National is one of the largest and oldest established building societies in the country, with over £200,000,000 total assets — a token of the confidence of more than 500,000 investors.

Ask today for details at your nearest Abbey National office, or write direct to the address below for the Society's Investment Booklet.

ABBEX NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

A national institution with total assets
of over £200,000,000

ABBEX HOUSE • BAKER STREET
LONDON, N.W.1 • Tel: WELbeck 8282



Branch and other offices throughout the United Kingdom:
see local telephone directory for address of nearest office.

CVS-378



The Derbyshire wagon tippler— and the 17 ounces Apollo

Of this strangely assorted pair, one is part of a big mechanical conveyor plant at a power station, tipping coal into hoppers at 1,400 tons an hour; the other is an aluminium tubular billiard cue. But there is a connection, for both are made by different companies in the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

The link between many necessities of industrial and everyday life—from rolling mills to bicycles, pressure vessels to electric cookers—is symbolized in TI, for each Division makes many products.

The TI Steel Tube Division, for instance, is the world's largest producer of precision and specialised tubes. It makes pressure and mechanical steel tubes, both seamless and electric resistant welded; tubes with diameters of over 3 feet to one thousandth of an inch, and it manipulates and assembles them into complete components and parts to customer's specification. TI also produces tubes in aluminium, plastics, titanium and other uncommon metals. When the demand arose in the peaceful uses of atomic energy for tubes in uranium, zirconium, thorium, beryllium . . . TI developed special fabrication techniques and needs were quickly met.

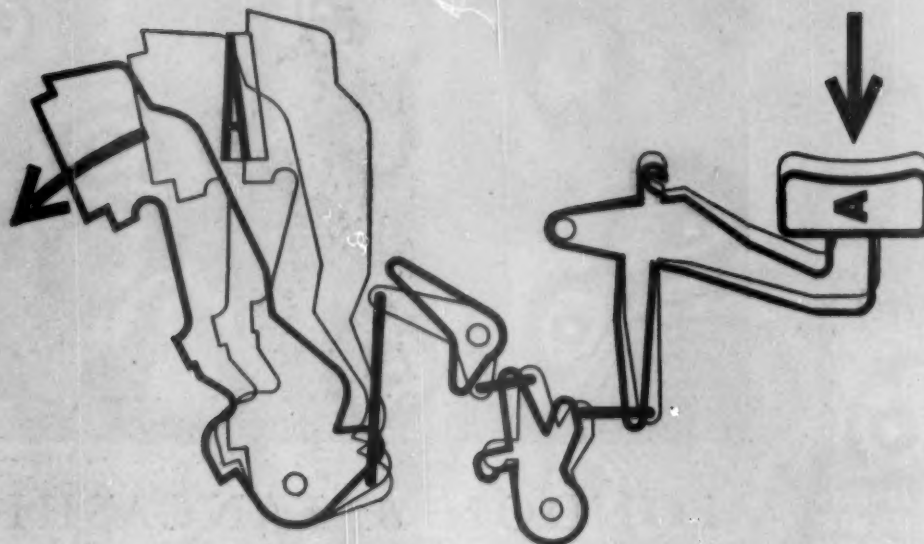
That is one among the seven TI Divisions which serve the world: Steel Tube Division; Engineering Division; Electrical Division; Aluminium Division; Steel Division; Cycle Division; General Division.



Tube Investments Limited

The Adelphi, London, W.C.2. Trafalgar 5633

olivetti



in the office
Lexikon



The office equipped with Olivetti Lexikon typewriters has many advantages. For sheer functional simplicity of design the Lexikon has been commended all over the world. In the range of its performance, in its ease of operation, and for the clarity of its work it has earned the highest praise of typists - and particularly of those who delight in being able to please the most exacting of critics.

Automatic margin stops - Key-trip device - Articulated bail-rod - Automatic tabulator - Accelerating typebar action - Carriage on ball bearings - Personal touch-tuning - British made.

and out of the office
Lettera 22



To produce a portable typewriter which, except for its size and weight, lacks none of the up-to-date features of a standard-size machine is, in itself, something of an achievement. Add to that the Olivetti flair for simplicity of design and precision of robust engineering construction and you have the Lettera 22 - the portable typewriter that is completely at home anywhere.

43 keys - Personal touch-tuning - Key-set tabulator - 4 position line spacing - Standard size ribbon - Full-length platen - 2 colour ribbon - Stencil cutting device - Weight 8lbs. 2 1/2 ozs. - British made.

British Olivetti Ltd.

10 Berkeley Square - London W. 1

Sales Branches:

London - 32/34 Worship Street, E.C. 2.

Glasgow - 115/207 Summerlee Street, E. 3.

Authorized dealers throughout the country

*Efficient
service...*

*for all
your
insurance
needs*



Sodium Lighting at Cherley



Photograph by courtesy of Automatic Telephone & Electric Co., Ltd.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION: 7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, WC2

Firestone

Town & Country TYRES

are now WEATHERISED*

The ideal rear wheel fitment for all-the-year-round motor-ing safety. Greater grip for driving; greater bite for braking. Greater confidence on wet and greasy roads in Summer and under the worst conditions in Winter.

* Weatherising by Firestone makes Town & Country Tyres even safer because this special treatment of the tread creates still greater road grip.

For a quiet, smooth, trouble-free ride—fit Firestone Town & Country.

TUBELESS OR TUBED

Experience Counts—27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good





Photograph by courtesy of Victoria State Railways

BP HAULS THE TRAINS

ON ROADS AND RAILWAYS ALIKE, the power of BP petrol and diesel fuel is helping to move Britain's trade more economically, more efficiently than ever before.

Overseas the story is much the same. Power for trains and for transport by road,

air and sea is provided by oil processed in fourteen BP refineries in nine countries. BP products around the world are speeding the pace of progress in commerce, in industry and in the rapidly growing field of private motoring.

The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide organisation of



The British Petroleum Company Limited

whose products include BP Super Motor Spirit and BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil

A new gin for that extra special occasion

BURROUGH'S *Extra Dry*



JAMES BURROUGH LTD., BUNTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 11. DISTILLERS OF DISTINCTION SINCE 1840.

Here is a gin that is as different from an ordinary gin as Champagne is from an ordinary sparkling wine. Try it neat and see. Roll it round your tongue and savour its fine flavour, its velvet mellowness. Or try it in your favourite cocktail.

You pay a little more for this De Luxe gin, but you get immeasurably greater pleasure. Ask your Wine Merchant. Price—35/6 a bottle.

Golden beauty and accuracy!

HERE ARE THREE NEW WATCHES by Tudor, their small faces cased in gleaming gold, with exclusive bracelets to circle pretty wrists, hand-finished by master craftsmen!

Matching their beauty is their amazing lifetime precision. Despite their tiny size, each has a sturdy 17-jewel lever movement, whose accuracy is guaranteed by the famous Swiss firm of Rolex. Write for free brochure, which also shows models in glowing chrome and stainless steel, and for the address of your nearest dealer.

An exclusive Tudor design—the tulip-patterned bracelet. 17-jewel movement. 9-carat gold, £44.2.6.

This smart little watch, for day or evening wear, has a 17-jewel movement. 9-carat gold, £25.0.0.

The elegant daisy-chain bracelet watch is also exclusive to Tudor. 17-jewel movement. 9-carat gold, £31.1.5.5.

TUDOR
Watches of Geneva,
Switzerland

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (Founder and Chairman, H. Wilsdorf)
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

Sumrie... of course



Feel the fine quality of the cloth; think of all the unseen details which help to make these clothes outstanding. You will then realise why "Sumrie" is the first choice of well-dressed men. Almost any figure can be fitted instantly from a range of over 100 different sizes. Buying "Sumrie" is not an expense, it's an investment. Dinner Suits from 18 gns., Dress Suits from 24 gns.

Sumrie Clothes are good—really good

THE BEST SHOPS SELL THEM

Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining Sumrie Clothes please write to:

C. & M. SUMRIE LTD., (DEPT. P6), SUMRIE HOUSE, LEEDS, 9.

Think of a letter...

double it...



add **D** for Dependability... and **E** for Efficiency...



and finally **A** for Appearance...

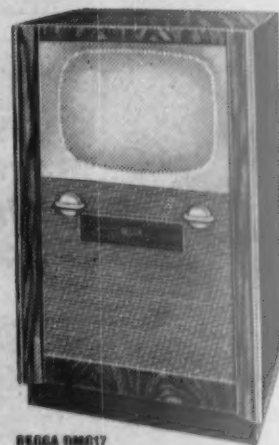


DECCA DMC/D17

17-inch 18-valve superheterodyne 12-channel console model with doors. Turret tuning and automatic anti-fade control. 10-inch speaker. Finished in walnut. For AC mains, 200/250v., 50 c/s., or DC mains, 200/250v.: £112.11.9 Tax paid. Also DMC/D18 with VHF/FM radio: £119.3.6 Tax paid.

The panel of experts all agree

... that where TV reception is concerned, Decca has every clue and presents the perfect answer in a wonderful range of multi-channel sets. Whether the 14- or 17-inch screen best suits your budget and your viewing-room, the picture is brilliant, unwavering, and richly detailed. All the latest circuit improvements are there to secure your uninterrupted enjoyment of I.T.A. as well as B.B.C. transmissions ... and remember Decca offers terms spread over 12, 18 or 24 months.



DECCA DMC17

Console model with 17-inch tube 12-channel turret tuning and automatic anti-fade control. 8-inch speaker. Finished in walnut. For AC mains, 200/250v., 50 c/s., or DC mains, 200/250v.: £96 Tax paid.



DECCA VHF/FM RADIOGRAMOPHONES

DECCA RD103 De-luxe 4-waveband (VHF, short, medium, long) radiogramophone. Garrard 3-speed auto-changer. Deccafrr magnetic pick-up heads with sapphire styl. High fidelity 5-valve amplifier. 10-inch bass and 2 treble speakers. Cabinet finished in walnut. Record storage space. For AC mains, 200/250 volts or 100/125 volts, 50 c/s. £112.7.8 Tax paid.

RD100 with 2 speakers. £87 Tax paid.

DECCA

TELEVISION & RADIOGRAMOPHONES

POST COUPON to DECCA RADIO & TELEVISION, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9 for fully illustrated leaflet of all Decca TV models and VHF/FM radiogramophones with details of hire purchase terms.

Name and Address

Makers of the famous 83 Quality Socks, with red tops, since 1895

No.35 Underwear

In the wide open fields and on the bleak hill-sides wool has kept the sheep warm through the ages. As a protection against rheumatism, colds and other such ills that ravage the race of Britons there is nothing like wool. Two Steeples No. 35 quality full fashioned heavy-weight underwear is made from high-grade pure fresh wool rendered shrink-resisting. Vests—Round neck, no sleeves 27/- each. Trunks—Elastic waist 10/- each. Available also—Button Front Short or Long Sleeve Vests, Pants and Drawers.

by **Two Steeples**



If unable to obtain write to Dept. M.35, "Two Steeples," Ltd., Wigston, Leicestershire

Enjoy Summer Starting in Winter!

and a quick getaway with Reduced Running Costs



fit a **BRAY** **ELECTRIC Engine Heater**

warms the engine before starting



Price complete with 6ft. steering column extension (200/250 volts, 150 or 250 w.)

90/6

Without extension

62/3

Steering column extension only

34/6



A touch of the starter and you are away first time because the engine is already warm. Makes starting on even the coldest morning as easy as it was on a warm summer day. The BRAY Electric Engine Heater fits in a car's lower water hose and works from mains supply. Keeps heated water circulating throughout the cooling system. Minimum use of choke and starter reduces cylinder wear, petrol consumption and strain on the battery. Condensation on the plugs is prevented. Cold mornings and reluctant starting no longer go together once you have fitted a BRAY Electric Engine Heater.

Available from your local garage or in case of difficulty write direct to the manufacturer.

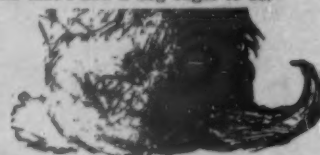
GEO. BRAY & CO. LTD. LEEDS 2

Your dog too?



Master is home! Dog appears like magic, having sent three rugs and a chair flying, cornered on two legs, slithered down stairs on no legs at all, and tobogganed the length of the hall on a slip mat. 'I don't know where he gets the energy', we say, putting things straight again. But of course we do! It's the vitamins in his daily Bob Martin's that keep him full of bounce. And that's how a dog ought to be.

Give him



Bob Martin condition!

The rule is 'One Bob Martin's once a day'. Bob Martin's Condition Tablets contain vitamins A, B, E, and D, together with dried whole natural liver. Obtainable from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen.

There is only one

LILLET

*Le Meilleur
APERITIF
de la France*



Now available in half bottles



**Faites
vos
jeux!**

Christmas gift for a sportsman—and a sure winner! Roulette wheels are available in many sizes from £3.17.0—croupiers' rakes, roulette cloths and chips are also among the many gifts for sporting folk to be found at—

Lillywhites

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1. — EDINBURGH and BOURNEMOUTH

-ABDULLA -

MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES+

It'll be bliss in
Bermuda



Coral Island Heaven

Bermuda has the authentic coral island magic—blue sea and sky, pink powdery sand, and coloured clouds of flowers (plus plenty of frankly luxurious accommodation).



Big game with a rod

Even beginners have caught the really big fellows—tuna, marlin, bonefish. A shared launch makes the expense reasonable.

Imagine all your best holidays rolled into one—glowing days and gay, mild nights; hotels that make an art of looking after you; sailing on islet-freckled sounds or sauntering down flowery lanes; games or game fishing; swimming in calm or surf or simply revelling in *dolce far niente*—think of all that and you've got some idea of Bermuda. (Skiing? Well, no. We'd be deceiving you if we said it ever snowed in Bermuda. But you'll soon learn to water-ski.)

Bermuda is another name for bliss, sheer bliss—and it's in the sterling area.

Leave winter behind

Frost and fog are unknown in Bermuda. Even in January the average day temperature is 63°F and average bright sunshine 5 hours daily.

How to get there —

B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily via New York. By sea, there are direct sailings to and from Bermuda during the winter months (Cunard and P.S.N.C.). You can also sail via New York.

Businessmen who know the ropes fly to and from Bermuda via New York. This costs no more than the return fare to New York only!

Your travel agent will give you full information about flights, sailings and fares, and also about accommodation. Or complete the coupon below.

The Bermuda Travel Information Office,
Dept. P, Rex House, 6, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.
Please send me colour booklet "Invitation to Bermuda"
and information on travel facilities, hotels, etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

Makers of the famous 83 Quality Socks, with red tops, since 1895

No.35 Underwear

In the wide open fields and on the bleak hill-sides wool has kept the sheep warm through the ages. As a protection against rheumatism, colds and other such ills that ravage the race of Britons there is nothing like wool. Two Steeples No. 35 quality full fashioned heavy-weight underwear is made from high-grade pure fresh wool rendered shrink-resisting. Vests—Round neck, no sleeves 27/- each. Trunks—Elastic waist 30/- each. Available also—Button Front Short or Long Sleeve Vests, Pants and Drawers.

by **Two Steeples**



If unable to obtain write to Dept. M.35, "Two Steeples," Ltd., Wigston, Leicestershire

Enjoy Summer Starting in Winter!

and a quick getaway with Reduced Running Costs



fit a **BRAY** ELECTRIC Engine Heater

warms the engine before starting



Price complete with 6ft. steering column extension (200/250 volts, 150 or 250 w.) **90/6**

Without extension **62/3**

Steering column extension only **34/6**



A touch of the starter and you are away first time because the engine is already warm. Makes starting on even the coldest morning as easy as it was on a warm summer day. The BRAY Electric Engine Heater fits in a car's lower water hose and works from mains supply. Keeps heated water circulating throughout the cooling system. Minimum use of choke and starter reduces cylinder wear, petrol consumption and strain on the battery. Condensation on the plugs is prevented. Cold mornings and reluctant starting no longer go together once you have fitted a BRAY Electric Engine Heater.

Available from your local garage or in case of difficulty write direct to the manufacturer.

GEO. BRAY & CO. LTD. LEEDS 2

Your dog too?



Master is home! Dog appears like magic, having sent three rugs and a chair flying, cornered on two legs, slithered down stairs on no legs at all, and tobogganed the length of the hall on a slip mat. 'I don't know where he gets the energy', we say, putting things straight again. But of course we do! It's the vitamins in his daily Bob Martin's that keep him full of bounce. And that's how a dog ought to be.

Give him



Bob Martin condition!

The rule is 'One Bob Martin's once a day'. Bob Martin's Condition Tablets contain vitamins A, B, B₂, and D, together with dried whole natural liver. Obtainable from chemists, pet shops and seedsmen.

There is only one

LILLET

*Le Meilleur
APERITIF
de la France*



Now available in half bottles



**Faites
vos
jeux!**

Christmas gift for a sportsman—and a sure winner! Roulette wheels are available in many sizes from £3.17.0—croupiers' rakes, roulette cloths and chips are also among the many gifts for sporting folk to be found at—

Lillywhites

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1. — EDINBURGH and Bournemouth

-ABDULLA -

MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES*

It'll be bliss in
Bermuda



Coral Island Heaven

Bermuda has the authentic coral island magic—blue sea and sky, pink powdery sand, and coloured clouds of flowers (plus plenty of frankly luxurious accommodation).

Imagine all your best holidays rolled into one—glowing days and gay, mild nights; hotels that make an art of looking after you; sailing on islet-freckled sounds or sauntering down flowery lanes; games or game fishing; swimming in calm or surf or simply revelling in *dolce far niente*—think of all that and you've got some idea of Bermuda. (Skiing? Well, no. We'd be deceiving you if we said it ever snowed in Bermuda. But you'll soon learn to water-ski.)

Bermuda is another name for bliss, sheer bliss—and it's in the sterling area.

Leave winter behind

Frost and fog are unknown in Bermuda. Even in January the average day temperature is 63°F and average bright sunshine 5 hours daily.



Big game with a rod

Even beginners have caught the really big fellows—tuna, marlin, bonefish. A shared launch makes the expense reasonable.

How to get there—

B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily via New York. By sea, there are direct sailings to and from Bermuda during the winter months (Cunard and P.S.N.C.). You can also sail via New York.

Businessmen who know the ropes fly to and from Bermuda via New York. This costs no more than the return fare to New York only!

Your travel agent will give you full information about flights, sailings and fares, and also about accommodation. Or complete the coupon below.

The Bermuda Travel Information Office,
Dept. P, Rex House, 6, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.
Please send me colour booklet "Invitation to Bermuda"
and information on travel facilities, hotels, etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

It's "Fordhamatic"



Patent Nos.
662270 and 707183

Golfers no longer say
"Caddy Car" . . .
they automatically say
Fordham instead . . .

The Plus- **Fordham**

THE PLUS FORDHAM is perfectly balanced, delightfully compact, and folds into the smallest space in the shortest time.

Available from all Pros.
and Sports Dealers.

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LTD.
DUDLEY RD. WOLVERHAMPTON

£6.10.0

Inclusive with white
hollow cushion tyres

£6.0.0

Inclusive with black
hollow cushion tyres



Richest Pigskin



... **Classic Styling**

210P	Pigskin wallet	59/6
F4003P	Pigskin notecase	41/6
4003P	Pigskin notecase (without fastener)	40/-

Leathersmith

T. J. & J. SMITH LTD. 12 HANOVER SQ. LONDON, W.1. LEC. 1144 (3 lines)
Craftsmen in fine leathers for over 100 years

...with love from
a very wise
woman



It's wise, when you buy cigars for a man, to go for the fine Jamaica: for the fine Jamaica is mild, and nearly every man prefers a mild cigar. It's wiser still to choose La Tropical: for La Tropical notably combines Jamaican mildness with rich and very individual character. And it's wisest of all to give La Tropical in the exclusive Pan-Climatic jar, which preserves each one of 25 fine cigars at the ultimate peak of perfect smoking condition. Not so difficult, after all, to be wise!

PAN-CLIMATIC JARS of 25
DIPLOMATS 4 1/2 INCHES
PETIT CORONAS 5 INCHES
CORONAS 5 1/2 INCHES

From 72/9d. the jar. All La Tropical cigars also
available in a wide range of other packings.



LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE

Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers: Lambert and Butler of Drury Lane
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited

It's cool...it's light...it's a

DAKS

Zephair dinner suit

It is beyond a man's power to look and feel his best when he is secretly sweltering. If, at a dinner or dance, you have ever regretted your heavyweight dinner suit, you will know why we introduced Zephair. Hail Zephair! It's our special *light*-weight cloth, blended from mohair and botany worsted—light, elegant and refreshing to wear. Add the faultless hang of Daks trousers and the sureness of Daks tailoring, and you've a dinner suit to enlighten every occasion.

im son



Royal Doulton Character Jugs



A fascinating hobby for collectors

The charm, quaintness and lovely colourings of Royal Doulton Toby and Character Jugs offer a fascinating new hobby.

These happy-looking Jugs bring an irresistible note of colour to any home decoration; on a shelf, a window sill or cabinet. Although each is individually hand-painted, they are surprisingly moderate in price, giving years of keen enjoyment and fun.

Ask to see Royal Doulton Toby and Character Jugs at your china shop.
Many subjects available in 4 sizes
Prices from 5/6 to 32/6 each.



LONG JOHN SILVER from *Treasure Island* who led the mutinous crew of "Hispaniola" and hoisted the Jolly Roger.



THE POACHER whose delight at night concerns illicit salmon—and whose pockets conceal a pheasant, perchance a hare.



OLD CHARLEY, the watchman of old London streets, calling the times, the weather and "All's well!"



FALSTAFF a lovable rogue, fond of drinking sack, and whose wit enlivens two of Shakespeare's plays.

* A most attractive book illustrating the range of Doulton Jugs in full colour is available. Price 2/- sent post free with address of nearest stockist. Write enclosing P.O. to Department P—address below



ROYAL DOULTON

* DOULTON & CO LIMITED, BURSLEM, STOKE-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND
London Showrooms: Doulton House, Albert Embankment, London S E 1





ANOTHER GOOD YEAR for ROBINSON & CLEAVER

Mr. Oliver Frost said in his Statement presented to the Shareholders at the Company's fifty-fifth Annual General Meeting:

The Accounts for the year ended 31st July, 1955, show closely comparable results with the previous year, the Consolidated Trading Profits being £185,463 against £190,969 whilst the Net Profit is increased from £65,529 to £67,727. After transferring £20,000 to the Contingencies and Development Account and £6,000 to the Staff Benevolent Account, the Directors recommend the payment of a Final Dividend of 20 per cent. making, with the Interim Dividend of 5 per cent. a total of 25 per cent. for the year. This payment, less Income Tax, will absorb £28,750 leaving to be carried forward £60,768 against £60,478 last year.

Retail Trading

Retail turnover was again higher than in the previous year but as I have had to report before in recent years, increased expenses have offset the additional gross profit on the increased turnover. Good progress was maintained during the year in the re-equipment of the Company's stores. A new shop was opened in freehold premises at 71, Queen's Road, Bristol at the end of June. The Company again had to bear heavy mark-down losses resulting from alterations in Purchase Tax rates. Apart from these immediate losses, however, the elimination of Purchase Tax is welcome, as it has enabled the Company to reduce considerably the selling prices of its higher qualities of linen damask and bed linens.

Manufacturing & Wholesaling Subsidiaries

The manufacturing and wholesaling subsidiaries taken as a whole showed increased profits over last year. The woollen mill in particular had a good year resulting from large orders from the U.S.A. and other export markets.

During the year Wm. Walker & Co. Ltd. was able to re-introduce one of the Company's well-known and popular pre-war products, namely, Robinson & Cleaver's Tested Cotton Sheets, and these are now on sale again in all the Company's stores. Under an arrangement made with the Retail Trading-Standards Association these sheets are regularly and independently tested for quality, strength and size to ensure that they conform to the Company's rigid manufacturing specifications. The management has every confidence that these goods will again find favour with the public.



Large orders from the U.S.A. for the Company's famous Caledon Towels.



The self-contained and recently re-equipped Men's Shop in the Regent Street Branch as seen through the new Bush Street entrance.



The distinctive wrapping of the Tested Cotton Sheets depicts the seal of a quality guaranteed by the Retail Trading-Standards Association.

Nevertheless, it is a cogent commentary on the value of money that today's extremely advantageous price of these Tested Cotton sheets, which in the single bed size is 42/- per pair, compares with 10/- per pair for an almost identical article in 1939.

Properties

The net revenue from the Company's properties shows a slight improvement over last year. Many of the leases fall in during the current financial year and the renewals of these will need to be on a higher basis to contend with the increasing expense of management and maintenance.

Future Prospects

The economic restrictions recently imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer have curtailed the individual's spending power in certain directions, but the relentless pressure of inflation still continues. Damming up this pressure in one direction only serves to divert it into other channels. Shops and stores engaged in cash business may therefore benefit from this trend but, in view of the threat of still further credit restrictions, it would be unwise to give it too much weight in estimating the results of the current year's trading of this Company. Sales so far have been satisfactory and with its goodwill, substantial reserves and competent staffs behind it, I have no doubt that the Company will be able to maintain its leading position in the household textile field during the current year.

MOTORISTS

are entitled to know
the plain facts about

PETROL

The better the crude, the better the petrol.

The highest-octane (anti-knock) crude comes from Trinidad, British West Indies.

Regent T.T. is refined from Trinidad crude—and when blended with British Benzole makes the Premium Regent Benzole Mixture.

This gives them both an immense **NATURAL ADVANTAGE** in smooth-running efficiency and **exhilarating acceleration**.

* **Regent T.T. and Regent Benzole Mixture are British Petrols you can be proud of.**

* **They have naturally high octane value plus volatane controlled combustion.**

These facts **Guarantee**
there are no **better** petrols

REGENT

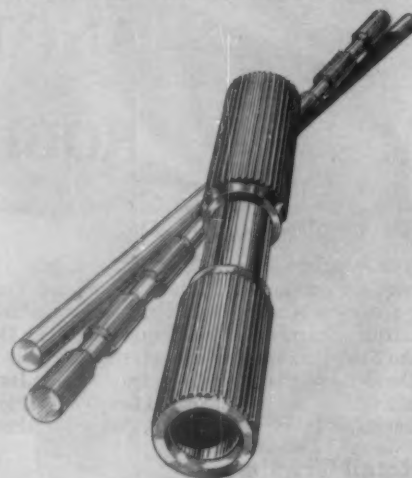
**PACKS
PUNCH!**



T.M. 17

PARK GATE

QUALITY STEELS
FOR THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY



from black bars
to
fluted rollers

THE PARK GATE IRON & STEEL CO. LTD., ROTHERHAM
TELEPHONE: ROTHERHAM 2141 (80 lines) TELEGRAMS: YORKSHIRE, PARKGATE, YOKES



Everybody looks up to
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY



IS THERE A HENNESSY IN THE HOUSE?

All the way to the sunshine . . .



Sparkling like jewels in the sunlit sea, the islands of the Caribbean are the world's loveliest playgrounds with brilliant sunshine and soft sea-breezes.



Here in Bermuda you can spend your days swimming and diving; go spear-fishing, exploring an underwater fairyland, or laze away the hours relaxing in the sun.



Africa, with its sunshine and scenic grandeur and opportunities for every kind of outdoor sport, has many venues for a wonderful vacation.

B.O.A.C. takes good care of you

In a few short hours B.O.A.C. will take you comfortably and speedily to an island in the Caribbean, to Bermuda or the Bahamas, to South Africa or Ceylon. . . . Go where you will by B.O.A.C. — you'll spend days of sheer delight on a never-to-be forgotten dream holiday.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or any B.O.A.C. office and ask about the Ticket Instalment Plan.



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION





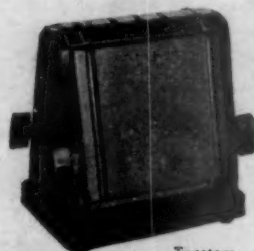
Plan your home at Harrods — where the newest designs in furniture and fabrics offer you boundless scope for originality, where the immense choice helps you to plan line and colour schemes down to the last distinctive detail. The selection in traditional mood is equally comprehensive, and Harrods deferred terms bring the finest furniture within reach of everyone.

Harrods
- of course



It's a bright idea . . . to give Swan Brand this Christmas!

There's something for everyone in the Swan Brand range of electrical products — something that will always look right and be right, made with traditional quality to give a lifetime's service. From all good electrical dealers and stores.



Toasters

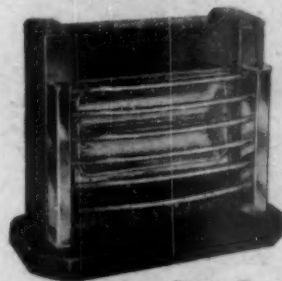
A smart, practical toaster, beautifully finished in light bronze with black base and chromium plated top. Toasts two slices at once and turns them over on opening and shutting the doors. A.C./D.C. Mains.

Price 32/6



Kettles

The attractive 'Royal' kettle makes a very welcome gift. Quick-pouring spout, heat-insulated handle, automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Capacities 2-5 pints. Prices from 66/-



Electric Fires

Attractive modern portable fires. 'Woodstock' 1 kw. 109/3; 2 kw. 167/3. Gold or satin silver finish, black base, chromium plated guards. Latest safety guards on all fires.



Percolators

The 'Mayfair' percolator is finished in chromium plate on copper. Black heat-resisting handle. Almost instant percolation, visible through glass inset in lid. Automatic safety device. A.G./D.C. Mains. Price 105/-



In the home for a **LIFETIME**

Bulphitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

M-W.350



Motoluxe Model "YVONNE"

The gentle Llama was shorn, much to its delight, as a sheep is shorn, to provide the light warm material for this Alpaca coat.

Luxuriously embossed and exclusive to "Motoluxe" it is available in a choice of rich shades . . . indeed it is a "must"

for all women who consider smartness to be an obligation.



All genuine "Motoluxe"
Coats bear this label.

Write or call for name of nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD. Showrooms: 45 Conduit St., London, W.1.



THE R.E.A.L. PLINTH LIGHT
Pat. No. 659,876

These beautiful Plinths are finished in a choice of Pastel Cream, Gilt Lustre, Eggshell Black, Pastel Blue or Pastel Rose enamels. Each Plinth is supplied with shockproof porcelain lampholder, heavy pressed glass diffusing plate and three yards of flexible cord.

**THE
R.E.A.L.
PLINTH LIGHT**

Pat. No. 659,876



The R.E.A.L.
STANDARD PLINTH.
11 1/2 in. diam. at base
34/9 Tax Paid

The R.E.A.L.
JUNIOR PLINTH
6 1/2 in. diam. at base
28/- Tax Paid



**MOST GOOD ELECTRICAL AND RADIO
STORES CAN SUPPLY**

Issued by Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., R.E.A.L. Works, BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

Now!



Fly to New York and non-stop across the USA

WITH TWA's NEW SUPER-G CONSTELLATIONS

Quietest, most luxurious long-range airliners in the world



You can now fly to New York in TWA's magnificent new Super-G Constellations. On these great Lockheed aircraft, science works behind the scenes to make your trip quicker, more comfortable. Radar plots the smoothest course ahead. Turbo-compound engines, fed by wing-tip tanks, give greater speed, longer range. And the finest modern design has made the interior fittings of the Super-G the most luxurious ever. Yet you can enjoy all this, linked with TWA's traditionally friendly service, *at reduced fares!*

TWA's Discount Fare Plan operates throughout Thrift Season (Nov. 1st—March 31st), gives big re-

ductions for families travelling together. (Example: A husband and wife flying first-class save a total of £128 for the round trip to New York.) For details of this and TWA's Time Pay Plan, see your travel agent or call TWA—200 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Tel. TRAfalgar 1234. Manchester. Tel. BLAckfriars 4649.

Fly the finest . . .

FLY TWA TO USA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES USA·EUROPE·AFRICA·ASIA



CHARIVARIA

MR. HAROLD STASSEN's speech at the Pilgrims' dinner, with its theme of harmonized Anglo-American interests as a guide to international co-operation, was well summed up in the headline "Joint Leadership to Just Peace." Some feel, however, that just peace is what we have already.

Must be Somewhere

It was impossible to explain the incident, said a spokesman of the Scottish T.U.C. last week, when a conference of trade union representatives had to be cancelled because the representatives failed to turn up. One theory is that they were at some other conference, on absenteeism or something.

Sloth's Eye View

THE Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, came well into line with modern artistic practice by hanging one of the pictures upside down. It is recognized that this has to be done in any exhibition hoping for mention in the popular Press. What was unusual was the reaction of the artist, a Mr. Arthur Ballard, whose



comment was, "Honestly, I don't blame the gallery staff for their mistake." This opens up frightening possibilities. The next thing will be a frankly admiring "It looks better that way!" Then where's your publicity going to be?

Watch This Space

SHOT seventy miles into the air over New Mexico, a sodium rocket is reported to have formed a gigantic letter C visible more than three hundred miles away. Though scientists are said to be satisfied with the experiment

America's advertising men are waiting for the other twenty-five letters.

Trying to Connect You

New designs of telephone operators' earphones, announces the Postmaster-General, are now undergoing trial. It is claimed that they are made of a new moulded nylon composition which reduces the weight. Now for something to reduce the wait.

No Showing-Off, Please

CONGRATULATING the Accident Prevention Council on its "Lorry Driver of the Year" award a newspaper suggests its extension to engine drivers, coal



miners and others. There would be no difficulty in deciding what form the award would take, certainly—massed cries of "Big 'Ead" and a single ticket to Coventry.

Nothing to Tell

REPORTS from Los Angeles speak of an anaesthetic newly invented there which blots out from a patient's memory all recollection of the operation. This should prove a blessing to anyone whose friend has just had one.

Lots Going on Quietly

WHEELS within wheels in the international motor-car rivalry were revealed in greater complexity than ever when a Federation of British Industries spokesman told of a German campaign to keep British cars out of Sweden by alleging that their shock-absorbers weren't equal to the bad Swedish roads. Some British automobile diplomat is missing an opportunity here. Surely it shouldn't

be difficult to bring this to the notice of Sweden's highways authority, and suggest that German motoring correspondents who insult Swedish roads should be kept off them?

Change from Mushrooms

SCIENTISTS the world over will hail the achievement of two Californian colleagues who, reports say, "have created life" in a test-tube. This may check the rising popular feeling that scientists are wholly preoccupied with the opposite process.

Birds and Bees

ENGLISH teachers working under exchange plans in American schools have expressed alarm at finding that senior pupils are taught all about childbirth. It is admitted, however, that this helps them tremendously with their botany.

Ceiling Falls on Bailiff

TEWKESBURY council house tenants are said to be indignant over the report that one of them has been ordered to



quit "because he has been heard using bad language at home." They are asking, first, if a man can't use bad language at home, where can he use it? Secondly, if the home is worth having, how is it that anyone can hear him? Thirdly, whether the arrival of a housing authority official, with a notice to quit, is the best way of reducing the nuisance?

Life Goes On

LAST week was big with events. Arms rattled in the Middle East, American

spies confessed in Hong Kong, a split Germany split Geneva, characters were taken away and restored in the House of Commons, Mohammed ben Yusef made a glorious comeback, Nigeria proposed self-government, and the Archbishop of Melbourne was gratified. Undeterred, the British Home Secretary pressed ahead with routine matters, adding the oyster-catcher to the Second Schedule to the Protection of Birds Act, 1954.

Hers—Yours

STANDARDIZATION of methods for teaching arithmetic is to be introduced into a number of Cheshire schools, with



the object of "avoiding confusion among children." If successful, the scheme may become widely adopted in maternity wards.

Nail on the Head

CLEAR thinking and immediate grasp of essentials so consistently characterize the British court of law that it is a temptation to take them for granted. Public admiration was kindled afresh, however, during the recent inquest on a man who, according to the evidence, had always sent his twenty-eight-year-old twin daughters to bed at half-past six, had given them a glass of water for supper, forbidden them to read newspapers, have boy-friends, visit cinemas or use cosmetics, and had regularly impounded their pay-envelopes and kept the contents a secret. The Coroner is reported to have put the question, towards the close of the proceedings: "He ruled the family with a rod of iron?"

Go Down, Ben-Gurion

WHEN Israel was in Egypt's land

(Let my people go!)

Oppressed so hard they could not stand

(Let my people go!)

Moses himself could not have guessed

The more-than-Pharaonic zest

With which they'd launch their mortar-shells

When Egypt was in Israel's.

(Let my people go!)



Home Service

A.M.

6.25 Market Report for Farmers

(Cancelled because the question of farming prices and subsidies is certain to be raised at least once in the course of any fortnight. Replaced by talk on the Repeal of the Corn Laws.)

6.30

Big Ben

(Since Big Ben is heard at Westminster, it will in future always be replaced by the Greenwich Time signal.)

7.0

NEWS

(All news bulletins will, in future, be prepared by the Whips' Officers of the Conservative and Labour Parties. They will be read by Mr. Clement Davies.)

7.50

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS!

(Cancelled owing to projected 'e'bate on the incidence of coronary thrombosis. Replaced by reading from Lady Gwendolen Cecil's Life of the third Marquis of Salisbury.)

9.40.

A MUMMIFIED DEPARTMENT

(Cancelled in view of expected debate on the Foreign Office. Replaced by talk on Exchequer Rolls in the reign of Henry III.)

9.55

FOR THE SCHOOLS

"The Lionheart, the Page and Blondel the Troubadour."

(Cancelled since it might be taken as referring to Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Christopher Soames and Mr. Duncan Sandys. Replaced by "The Story of Ilfenheim Palace.")

12.0

FOUR MEN—ONE SONG

(Cancelled since it might anticipate the claims made by Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskill, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Harold Wilson to the leadership of their party. Replaced by programme of madrigals.)

P.M.

12.30 FARM FARE—TOPICAL TALKS

(Cancelled. Replaced by State Farm Fare—Untopical Talks.)



FOURTEEN-DAY FREEDOM

Since it does not wish to be in any danger of infringing the 14-day rule, the B.B.C. announces the following revisions of its programmes for to-day, Wednesday, November 9, 1955.

2.20

FOR THE SCHOOLS

BRASS FAMILY

(Cancelled because Mr. Julian Amery is certain to mention the Chamberlains some time in the next fortnight. Replaced by Happy Families—A New Game for Children.)

4.30

INDIAN SUMMER

The Superannuated Man

(Cancelled owing to obvious reference to Mr. Attlee. Replaced by "Darby and Joan: Who Were They?")

7.30

THE MIDDLE EAST

(All programmes on the Middle East will in the future be automatically cancelled. Replaced by reading from "Little Women.")

9.15

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET

(This will still be broadcast on the assumption that the Prime Minister will be able to speak for thirty minutes without mentioning any subject at all.)

Light Programme

A.M.

11.15

MORNING STORY

"Out of the Same Nest"

(Cancelled because of possible reference to the schooling of most of the members of the present Government. Replaced by "The Nonnes Preenes Tale.")

P.M.

2.0

WOMAN'S HOUR

Singing for Supper

(Cancelled in view of expected speech by Mr. Anthony Nutting. Replaced by talk by Mr. Godfrey Winn.)

8.30

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED"

(Cancelled in view of possible debate on relations between the Government and the T.U.C. Replaced by "The Barretts of Wimpole Street.")

11.0

A BOOK AT BEDTIME

"Adam in Moonshine"

(Cancelled owing to expected debate on the Foreign Secretary's visit to Geneva. Replaced by a reading from "The Secret Garden.")

Third Programme

The B.B.C. believes that all the items in the Third Programme are so remote from reality that they may be allowed to stand.

Television

P.M.

3.30

TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Cancelled since it might anticipate Questions put to the Postmaster-General. Replaced by Richard Dimbleby: "At Home—At Buckingham Palace.")

4.15

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

(Cancelled because the House of Commons is. Replaced by Musical Bumps—A New Parlor Game.)

5.0

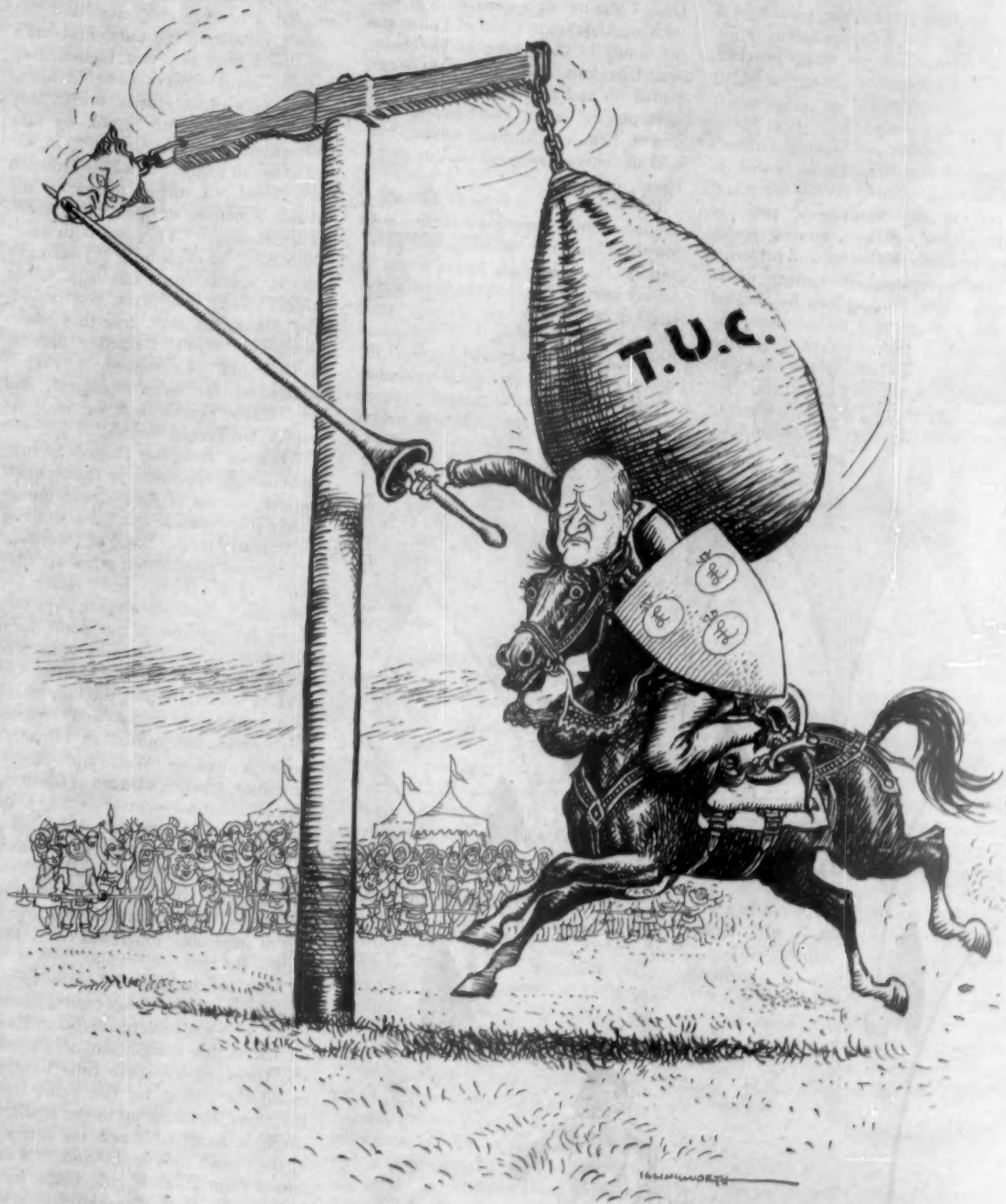
CHILDREN'S TELEVISION

(Cancelled because the Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to make another economic forecast. Replaced by a film about "Bristle-making.")

10.30

NEWS

(Cancelled. Replaced by talk by The Right Hon. Sir Anthony Eden, K.C., P.C., M.P., M.C., on "The Right of Free Speech.") H. F.



The Tourist Hunters

By ANTHONY CARSON

IN Spain tourist hunting technique is based on quick improvisation. Most of the hunters are quite detached from *Typismo* totems such as bulls, flamenco, castanets and Garcia Lorca. In the off-tourist season they sit at home reading translations of Graham Greene. But, aware that the female tourist is avid for local colour, they are prepared to run to any absurdities, such as wearing Cordokes hats, quoting reams of the *Romancero Gitano*, and performing *media veronices* with their newspapers. The hunters can be divided roughly into groups: the idealists, the opportunists, the observers, and the *gamberistas*. To the *gamberistas* all women, except their mothers, are beneath contempt. They drive about in fast cars which emit female shrieks.

Once I was having a quiet glass of wine with an Andalusian Chief of Police and his family in the garden of his chalet, near Barcelona, when one of these cars pulled up and two dishevelled women were pushed out. "The bastard," said one of them in a Midland accent. "He told us he was going to take us to his bloody castle."

Oddly enough, in spite of Gibraltar, English women have more success with tourist hunters than any other nationality. Although Spain seems to attract beves of incredibly unattractive English ladies, not one of them need return home frustrated. Through all the offices and factories of England the whisper has gone round, and thousands of shapeless, indeterminate women flock to the travel agencies, book tickets

to the Costa Brava, and keep their fingers, if nothing else, crossed.

In a cabaret in the Catalonian town of — I once saw two high-ranking Spanish army officers come to blows over a very plain, elderly British lady who had got slightly drunk on fake champagne. She was singing "Oh, for the wings of a dove" in a Bournemouth café accent. I turned to one of my friends, a member of Spain's lost youth, in amazement. "They are both crazy about her," he explained. "They can't help it. None of us can help it. It doesn't matter how plain, how stupid, how misshapen they are, they mean prestige." "Why?" I asked. "Because of Churchill," he replied. "French women are far more intelligent, and have better figures, but we have no respect for French morale."

When an attractive English woman miraculously appears over the Spanish frontier, queues of men almost immediately form outside her hotel and beg her to marry them. Some of these may be disguised *gamberistas*, a few are old-guard Don Juans, but most are romantics. Spanish women, who are among the loveliest in the world, have the reputation of being very possessive and represent, at its most beautiful, too much of the old routine, the very world of mantillas, carnations and rosaries which entice the tourists in. Spanish youth is looking West and North, cautiously, scenting a breath of freedom, of emancipation which has nothing to do with the bullring and the bemedalled Caudillo. When he throws Myrtle down on to the sand behind the bathing huts he is at grips with the heady ozone of democracy, of unpoliced loving and a sort of ingenuous toughness rarely met with in the Spanish female.

"Quite enchanting and really rather puzzling," said my rather cynical friend, Pablo, who was undergoing his military service in his home-town of Paloma, and spent all his spare time hanging round the station for the trains from Barcelona, checking up in the hotels or sitting at a café table near the entrance to the town's only night club. "Love letters from English girls baffle me." He brought a stack of envelopes from his pocket and drew out the contents. "Take this one for instance—It is



raining quite a lot. I have a lot of work to do and making rather a lot of mistakes. There is a new girl in the office. She is called Hilda. She has red hair. I often think of you. Well, I must stop now, I love you, Nellie'." Pablo drew out another letter and quoted: "Father is coughing worse than ever. I went to the cinema last night but it was boring. I wish I was back in sunny Paloma. Love, Pam. P.S.—Did you find my scarf in the sand?" He lit a cigarette and waved it in the air. "You see what I mean. Personally I prefer them to the French ones." He withdrew another letter and read some of the contents. "Do you remember that walk we took that night by the old Roman ramparts? The peculiar pearl-like atmosphere like thousands of necklaces threaded through the trees? The smell of the sleeping olive trees? The soft rustle of the sea? Was it all a piece of the old mosaic of coincidence, of illogical engagement," and so on and so on. He suddenly dashed up the steps of the night club and dashed down again. "No luck," he said angrily. "Miguel got her, and it's not even his turn." "What about Swedish girls?" I asked him. "It's an odd thing about Swedish girls," said Pablo. "Lots of them are frightfully attractive and intelligent, but they shock us. We're peculiar people, you know. We've got spiral staircases in our minds. Swedish girls are too logical in their passion, it's everything or nothing. They would never write letters like Nellie and Pam."

We were soon joined by the rest of the hunting *tertulia*. There was Eduardo the sculptor, who dealt only with French girls; Felipe the law student; and a young reporter of the local Falangist newspaper, *Hoy*. This reporter was an intelligent, idealistic youth who could not make up his mind which way to hunt, and who equated all his love-affairs with his Falangist principles and the future ethics of Spain. He was called by his friends, with affectionate contempt, "Fatherland," because nearly everyone in Catalonia feels embarrassed by the Falange. Fatherland could talk Sartre, quote Lorca, jitterbug, and was extremely good-looking and charming, but he couldn't stop falling in love. Also, all the other men in Paloma were jealous of him because he was employed by his paper as an "interviewer of tourists."



"The effect of the female tourist on Spain is an incalculable force," Fatherland once told me with some intensity, "and is gradually changing the Spanish soul. I am writing a book about it." "Called *Love and Sand*," said Pablo. "But you'd have to get away from the Falange to write it. The Falange, and the Church, and our Leader are determined to keep the Spanish soul exactly as it is. You could never champion the paradox that the tourists who are adding to your revenue are also undermining our morale."

What does the unattached male tourist do, who has not time or patience, who is unable to shout "God bless the curate who dropped you in the font," who couldn't get past a single aunt? "The problem is easily solved," said Pablo. "Pass yourself off as an elderly Spanish guide. We will all give you our assistance, as long as you keep in turn. Buy a guide book. Get to know the cathedral. Study the Roman remains." A week later he came to my house and told me fourteen English girls were camping down on one of the beaches

about two miles away. It was a long wild beach ending in a wilderness of pine-trees, only disturbed by smugglers bribing the carabineros. "We are all going, except Eduardo. Even Fatherland is coming as an interviewer. He says he wants to do a chapter on Girls in Tents. Come along too, and do your act." So we all began to walk down to the wild beach, arm in arm, singing, until at last we could see the white gleam of neatly pitched tents under the moon. The cicadas were sawing away in the distant pine trees on their rough violins.

A few weeks later I received a letter. "Phyllis and I have decided to distemper the flat. I think cream. It is going to rain. I enjoyed the museum. Love, Rosie. P.S.—Did you find the comb?"

"Good Single-seater Canoe with paddles and Dunlopillo seats. Bargain price. 'Phone Five Oaks 299, any launch hour."

Jersey Evening Post

Just the facts, please.

Grannies Ago

By WILLIAM SANSOM

YOU will surely know them, out walking in park or cedarn garden, parasoled thus yet in some cases propped crooked at chromium bars—then a salted almond caught like amber among pearly dentures—steatopygous in old black silks or trimly tweeded with a dry martini under the belt and the cut-and-thrust of old Nick himself—these elderly women of three score years and ten, grannies, short for grandmothers, and, as some of us like to think, also units of history?

Yardsticks, yearsticks, they bring History, evasive beast, to life: for taking seventy years as a mean age, is it not revealing that if you add so few as only *three* grannies together, lay them gently end to end, you are plumb in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the '45 rebellion, with Mme. de Pompadour just beginning and the French Revolution as far in the future as A.D. 2000 is to us? Only three of these grannies!

While two grannies, a simple brace of old ladies, as young as they feel, lands you in the Battle of Waterloo. Only five grannies ago and it is the Gunpowder Plot, with gentlemen in lace plus-fours and torture an ordinary pleasure. And just take the lives of ten grannies, just ten laughing little old ladies linking hands, and you are expecting the birth of Giotto, the signing of the Magna Carta is within recent memory, and Marco Polo is packing for the East. But wait! Only a hundred grannies ago, in what some people are pleased to exaggerate as 5000 B.C., the first Pharaoh ascended the throne. *That*—within the lifetimes of only a mere hundred little old lavender-and-lacers!

How close they bring us to the Past, no more so distant! What a short thing their long little lifetimes make of history! How they mock our clumsy and illusionary digits—1265 indeed, 5000 B.C.! What foolish figures are these compared with such flesh and blood erections of parasol and silk, bustling with embustled life, fleet-foot châtelines of the flashing years! And as for that other unit, the "generation," as absurd a conception as it is elastic—for is it really thirty years? Why not twenty-five? Or possibly forty?—how simply these grannies dispose of all such

indecision! No, we may forget such arbitrary nonsenses—and rather remember that the failing eye of one granny actually looks into the first lively intelligence in the baby eyes of the granny-to-be, they are connected, they know each other, history rocks history in its arms, history throws a ball through history's cucumber frame, history smacks history and is forever remembered . . . the living link is forged.

About a dozen grannies ago Harold caught it in the eye at Hastings, and . . . but I am interrupted . . . someone has said "Why not grandpas?" Unfair to the ladies! I am sorry. But the matter is easily answered. It is simply that "grandpa" is too bewildering, too bumpy a word—and for me at least it is confusing, it conjures up too easily a different unit altogether, some whilom unit of Balkan currency, enormous coloured notes of 1,000 *pas* each gambled away by fiercely skirted colonels of *evzones* throughout the night of long moustaches before the trams bell once more a greeting to the bright Athenian dawn . . .

But, you say, there are granny-knots? My sole riposte: I do not *feel* them so much. It is a matter of taste: we are creatures of our own experience, no more than the sum total of our acquired sensibilities. And it is a sum total of grannies, I repeat, that makes history. Lay these obliging old dears end to end and top to toe, and time contracts with a true elastic bang: besides, this could not be done with men, they die too early, the ladies hold the ashes of longevity; and indeed, if your sensuality descends to the slide-rule, and you would prefer

some higher annual unit like seventy-seven to the proposed mean old age, you may be sure the ladies would oblige, and then a thousand years must seem only the shorter.

"Not three grannies have passed since serfs were sold with the British collieries . . ." "Once upon a granny . . ." brisks the old fairy tale. "Shakespeare? Quite a modern. Roughly five grannies old."

It is a humbling thought. And it becomes doubly remarkable when one realizes that only the shorter stretches of time are beneath the measurement of these indefatigables, the putative unit refuses such as a trifling fifty years. We do not, without embarrassment, like to say "Within a granny." Here is an intimacy that deters, one is faced with putting one's finger on the particular nook within the granny. Where, exactly, *is* fifty years? The decent finger hesitates, it flinches to point—perhaps *there* is fifty years?—at where the elastic of lilac drawers binds tight the wholesome grey wool stocking. The waist? Too reminiscent of girlhood evenings down some long-lost Lover's Lane—not apt at all. The locket on her breast? But that contains her own grandmother's hair! Such multiplicity confounds. And the least we want to do is to strip our grannies bare as those venous charts of the muscled body that hang on the walls of medical schools. Not that. No, leave them unintruded, in bombazine and bonnet, isolated figures on the Broad Walk, figures to be observed with lowered eye and bated breath. For there strides an Age.

And see—that Old Ladies' Outing, that charabanc-full of porty dears a hundred strong! *That's* Ancient Egypt! A beanfeast of grannies . . . and you are back with the bricks and the straw and the vague possibility of perhaps one day a pyramid or two . . . a few more beanfeasts, and there's Neanderthal and Peking Granny: one more beanfeast, and there are not any grannies at all, the gun has not gone for the human race, one notices a face too furry beneath the flowered bonnet, no mittened fingers but oh such a long prehensile tail waves from the window its Union Jack, and above the driver's seat appear, backwards, tell-tale letters, **OOIS**.





How I Died

By EVOE

FAR more sensational than the account of Hitler's last hours by his personal attendant, which is now in the course of serial publication, is the happy discovery of the Führer's own diary, written up to the final moment, and now given to the world by myself alone and copyright throughout time and space.

In translating it I have allowed myself a certain latitude, not uncommon in these days, and have preferred a rather racy English idiom to the laborious German tongue. I have, in fact, used the only form of dialogue as between master and valet with which most of my readers are (very justly) familiar. No man is a Nero to his own *valet de chambre*. Nor on the other hand is he a Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

UNDER THE CHANCELLERY

I awoke with an A.I hangover this morning and the pooping, as usual, made it worse. I decided at once to summon the girl Eva and as soon as she was assembled I told her frankly that the hour was ripe.

"How do you mean ripe?"

"My beloved bean," I told her, "we're in a pretty juicy jam. Right in the plum and apple, if you understand what I mean. There's only one thing to do. We must shuffle off the jolly old mortal."

"Must we really?" she said, wailing a trifle.

Not that I blame her. There are moments in what you may call a solemn crisis when a woman feels justifiably peeved.

"Better ask Bunker before we do anything," she whickered.

I was about to summon the bloke as indicated when I found he had waffled in silently, in the sudden sort of way he had, and completed the congregation.

"Whacking great noise outside, eh what, Bunker, isn't there?" I said.

"As you say sir, the uproar has sensibly increased in volume of late."

"Not much chance of a getaway, I mean?"

"The omens would appear to be unpropitious for legging it, my Leader, at the present time."

"Well, the misus and I were thinking of a spot of suicide together. Popping

off into the *Ewigkeit*, if you take my meaning, old horse. What do you think about it?"

"It would appear, if I may say so, a not inappropriate course to pursue."

"You hold the floor, Bunker. Have we got the bally old wherewithal?"

"The pistol is in the right hand drawer of the ormolu escritoire beside the purple socks."

"The ones you wouldn't let me wear yesterday?"

He quailed a bit, but recovered.

"I did indeed venture to intimate my disapproval of them, as unsuited to your complexion, my Leader, and to the present state of affairs. May I also suggest, since you have been so good as to confide in me, that it would

be far from advisable for the enemy to capture your remains."

"How so, old son?"

"Such a discovery would undoubtedly cause jubilation over the fruits of victory, whereas if they found nothing they would not only be disappointed but remain in uncertainty as to your immediate whereabouts."

What a bean the fellow has; you can almost hear the brains ticking when he talks.

"Perfectly right, Bunker," I said. "You leave Solon and the rest of the Greek johnnies among the also-rans. Wasn't there a cove in the early A.D.s who got up to the neck in the consommé and had all his baggage and whatnots shoved into a heap and then climbed on top and told the lads to put a match to it?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Begins with an A, I fancy."

"You are alluding possibly to the demise of Attila, after his signal defeat by the Western Powers near Châlons-sur-Marne in four hundred and fifty-one of the present era."

You can't beat Bunker on history. He positively oozes info. Ask him the date of the battle of Waterloo, and he'll tell you what Blücher had for dinner the night before. Positively, his head sticks out at the back.

"That's the boyo I was thinking of. Have we a can of juice in the precincts by any chance?"

"I have already set aside a drum of petroleum in the event of such an emergency."

"Then it's all righty-ho."

"Righty—as you put it Mein Führer—ho."

I have told him to shimmer off for a moment, and when he hears a couple of bangs to come back and finish the doings.

He has shimmered . . .

* * * * *

Here, not unnaturally, the manuscript ends.

6 6

"To prevent tears when peeling onions, either bite on a slice of bread or work under a running tap and breathe through the mouth."—*Daily Express*

Rub down and serve.



Everlastings

Little Lord Fauntleroy : Mrs. F. H. Burnett



I CEDRIC knew nothing whatever about it. He knew his papa was an Englishman because his mamma had told him; then one day her eyes were large and mournful, and she was dressed in black.

"Dearest," he said (his papa had called her that always), "is my papa better? Is he well, Dearest?"

"Yes, he is well," she sobbed, "quite, quite well, but we—we have no one left but each other."

Baby-like, with his long lashes and golden hair, he climbed on her lap to comfort her.

Did he know that he looked like a young lord? It happened that his friend Mr. Hobbs the groceryman was revealing to him the wickedness of earls and marquises at the very moment when his mother sent for him.

The tall, thin old gentleman from England rose and considered him with sharp eyes.

"And so," he said at last, slowly—"and so, this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

II

It had to do with earls. His grandfather was an earl; and his eldest uncle would have been, in turn, but for falling off his horse; and after that his other uncle, if he had not died suddenly, in Rome, of a fever; and then—

"Oh, Dearest! Can't I *not* be one?"

His papa, she said, looking with big, sad eyes out of the window, would have wished it.

"What *are* earls?"

Mr. Havisham the lawyer did his best to explain, adding shrewdly that they had money. Here was some.

"Good," said Cedric; and gave it to his friends who needed it, the apple-woman, and Dick the shoe-black. Mr. Hobbs, who had denounced earls, he presented with a gold watch and chain.

The lawyer stared, wondering what the hard, fierce old Earl of Dorincourt would make of it.

Trunks were packed, and mamma came downstairs with eyes wet and large, and Cedric blinked, and one tender

little thought rose to his lips: "We liked this little house, didn't we, Dearest? We will always like it?"

And as the boat moved away they all waved, and the last thing they saw was that bright childish face and the bright lovelocks that the sun shone on and the wind lifted.

III

Little Lord Fauntleroy was to live up at the Castle, while his mother lodged just outside the gates. She said his papa would have wished it. She looked out of the window. To the Earl it was the only possible arrangement.

His worldly old eyes glared under beetling brows.

"And," said the lawyer, "he seems to regard you as a wonder of generosity."

"He does, eh?"

His gout gave him a twinge.

IV

The fairy-tale Castle rose, the great doors opened, he marched through the double line of servants.

There at the far end of a gloomy room was someone seated. A mastiff rose, huge and tawny as a lion, and came majestically towards him.

There was a growl, the Earl's. "Dougal!"

But the lad no more knew fear than unkindness. He held out his hand.

"Humph, glad to see me, are you?"

"Yes," said Lord Fauntleroy, "very."

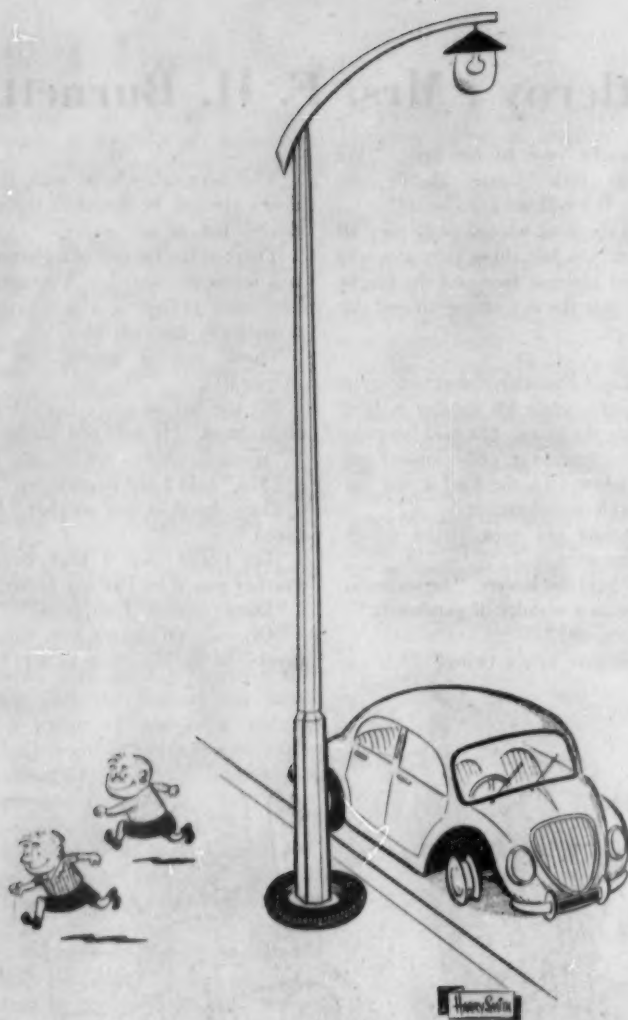
They stared at one another. Dougal stared.

"On board ship I kept wondering whether you'd be like my father."

"Disappointed, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Of course, you would like anyone to be like your father; but, of





course, you would enjoy whatever your grandfather looked like. You know how it is about admiring your relations." His lordship started. "Any boy would love his grandfather, especially one who is kind as you are."

The foot on the cushion kicked.

"So I've been kind to you, have I?"

Lord Fauntleroy told about Bridget and the others.

Dougal now put his head in his lap, and Dougal was not one to make a friend easily.

Over the long dinner table Lord Fauntleroy said: "It's a very large house for two people, isn't it?"

"Large enough," said the Earl.

"You would have to be good friends.

Mr. Hobbs was my best friend—except Dearest."

"Who is—Dearest?"

"She is my mother," said Lord Fauntleroy in a rather low, quiet little voice.

"I suppose you think you're fond of her?"

"Yes, I do think so. I know it."

The Earl did not speak again. Little Lord Fauntleroy fell into the healthy, happy sleep of childhood. Dougal stared.

v

"Fill his room with toys, and he'll soon forget her."

So here they were, playing at a game of baseball on a board with pegs, when the Rector called. He reeled back; a

footman held him. But very soon, coming to business—one Higgins, ill and late with his rent—his lordship was quite his old self. Black as thunder, he was about to evict, when the attentive boy caught his eye—"What would you do in such a case?"

Fauntleroy frowned. "If I were very rich," he said, "and not just a little boy, I should let him stay and give the things to his children; but, of course," he added, brightening, "you can do anything, can't you?"

"Anything," agreed the Rector, too quickly.

vi

"May I go to Dearest now?"

"There's something for you in the stable first."

"Is it a pony—mine? Mine like the toys upstairs? Won't Dearest be glad! Oh, I do think you are the best person in the world, always thinking of others, and making them happy. I shall love to see the pony, to-morrow."

vii

Never had there been such a congregation, and "Lean on me—how glad everyone is to see you," they heard him say, and afterwards when Higgins was stammering thanks, his small lordship said "Oh I only wrote the letter. It was my grandfather who did it. You know how he is about always being good to everybody."

"You see, Higgins," remarked the Earl with a fine, grim smile, "how you people have been mistaken in me."

Higgins blanched.

viii

Now they went riding together, and cottagers stared and rabbits left off playing to watch the strange pair.

"You still miss your mother?"

"All the time. You don't, do you?"

"Not exactly."

"I know, that's what makes me wonder."

ix

"There is a place," said Fauntleroy, gazing up with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes, "where the houses are almost falling down, you can hardly breathe, often people have the fever and children die, and everything is dreadful! Rain comes through the roof—"

The Earl groaned.

"Those must be pulled down," exclaimed Fauntleroy, with great

eagerness. "Let us—let us go and have them pulled down at once."

X

"Is there anything more you want?"
 "Dearest."
 "Speak louder, I'm getting rather deaf."
 "Dear—"
 "No, no, don't go on."

XI

Then there was a grand dinner party—the first in many a year—with lights and flowers and wonderful dresses—and at its centre a little boy in black velvet and a large Vandyke collar—a little fellow whose round bright face was so handsome, and who turned upon everybody such beautiful, candid brown eyes that . . . that . . . but here comes Mr. Havisham, pale and late.

"What does this mean, Havisham," asked the Earl, when the last guest had gone, "and why do you hang over the boy like a bird of ill-omen? What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My lord, it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us."

"It is a lie!"

"Your son Bevis—"

"The scoundrel!"

"—had a son—"

The old Earl clutched at the arms of his chair with both hands, his fierce old face almost livid.

The grim story ended "... and the mother can hardly spell her own name."

Now the veins in the old Earl's forehead stood out like purple cords. Something else stood out too—cold drops of moisture. With a handkerchief they were swept away. "It is like Bevis—yes, it is like him! He was the worse of the two! . . ."

He sprang up. Fierce and terrible words poured from him. Rage and hatred and disappointment shook him as a storm shakes a tree. Yet—Mr. Havisham noted—never once did he speak loud enough to disturb the sleeping figure.

"And I," he stammered, "I objected to—to the other woman, and yet she could spell her name! . . ."

And again he raged, but softly, and paced about the room, turning now white, now scarlet.

"I will contend this to the end!" He rang the bell. When the largest

footman appeared, he pointed to the sofa. "Take Lord Fauntleroy to his room."

XII

Wonderful things never happen slowly.

A few minutes had transformed the little boy dangling his legs in Mr. Hobbs's store into the heir to an earldom. Another few minutes had made him a penniless impostor. Now again it did not take so long as you might expect to change the face of everything and give him back all he had been in danger of losing.

Who that could read the newspapers did not know the romantic story of little Lord Fauntleroy and the rival claimant? And who, in America, should see the photographs but Dick the boot-black—who had little difficulty in recognizing his sister-in-law and his little nephew!

He and Mr. Hobbs came to England; and then a visitor was announced to Cedric's mother in her sitting-room. It was a very tall majestic-looking old man with a grim old face and an aquiline profile.

"Mrs. Errol, I believe."

"Mrs. Errol."

"I am the Earl of Dorincourt."

Within a very short time she was installed at the Castle. Everyone was

there for the eighth birthday of little Lord Fauntleroy. Eyes grew moist, and one said to another: "God bless him, the pretty little dear!"

He had—flushed to the roots of his soft, golden hair—to make a speech, and he ended: "I'm very glad I'm going to be an earl—I wasn't at first; and—and when I am an earl, I shall try to be as good as my grandfather."

Well, that more or less clinches it, except that Dougal seems to have slipped out of our story. He had been very ill, at the time when it seemed as though Bevis's son would be heir, but was now quite recovered. At the conclusion of Fauntleroy's speech he gave a very deep bark: a thing never before known in all his years at the Castle.

G. W. STONIER

2 2

Sleep All Right?

"A pretty swirl is like a melody . . . You'll be dancing in your dreams, my dear . . . in Van Raalte's Prima Ballerina nightgown. We've deliberately designed it in the mood of a Degas print. Take the camisole top . . . it's cut to make a pretty neck appear actually swan-like. Doesn't that floaty skirt demand a pirouette? What could be more sugar-plum fairy-like than those rows of ribbon-beaded Alençon lace . . .?"—From an advertisement in the *New Yorker*



Dore Fradley

"Testing, 1—2—3. Testing—"

How to Unsqueeze Your Credit

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

RELATIONS between banker and customer are delicate just now. Don't overstrain them. Remember that in spite of Mr. Butler your manager still retains a discretionary margin of action. Read these marginal notes:

Apologies

You can't make too many, especially when borrowing brown paper and string or leaving the kiddies to play with date-stamps while you shop. These are not routine banking amenities, so don't behave as if they are. Similarly, the bank is not obliged to supply twopenny stamps to fools who never have any. When the cashier hands back your cheque because you haven't endorsed it ("Oh, haven't I endorsed it?") and you see it needs a twopenny stamp ("Oh, dear, it needs a twopenny stamp"), ask for it with a proper humility. Remember that when he says "Certainly, I think we can manage that for you," and starts scraping a twopenny stamp off a half-crown, bank tills having no accommodation for stamps, he is really saying in his heart "Thinks we're a b—

Post Office." Take care, or at the half-year's end you'll be paying frustration money.

Counter Behaviour

Keep the voice low and use it with economy. Your projected holiday in the Bahamas or the complexities of arranging refreshments for your village beetle-drive seem irrelevant to a cashier who sees from your paying-in slip that two postal orders for eight shillings seem to add up to one pound ten. Observe a common politeness. Men who blow gin across the counter and women who refer to the cashier in the third person while talking to their dogs should remember how simply a two-guinea charge can become five when their six months' behaviour is passed sternly in review.

Dress

Relate this to your financial status as far as possible. Presumptuous hats or waistcoats, in customers of negligible resources, can generate an exasperation behind glass screens which only savage penalties can assuage. When accepting

social invitations find out if any of your bank staff are likely to be present and plan your costume accordingly. Nothing upsets them more than the spectacle of a gaudily dressed customer dominating a cocktail party with his talk of Sunningdale or the Savoy Grill when they have come fresh from returning his cheque marked "No Funds."

Handwriting

Brush up on it. Provided your signature is not disproportionately florid, looking as if it should ornament a million-pound contract rather than a beer-smeared Bearer cheque for ten shillings, you can leave that as it is. But practise a few numerals. Sevens taken for nines are no good to you. And watch the spacing. When your £1 14s. 7d. looks like £11 4s. 7d., and keeps the staff up till midnight looking for a difference of £9 10s., any future appeal for unsecured accommodation has already had it.

Humour

Steer clear, particularly of The Joke. The Joke is in two parts: "I'd better count it in case you've given me too much," and "Only just right." Whoever it was who started banking, in some mediaeval goldsmith's parlour, had The Joke on his second day in business. Now it's old.

Mystery Payees

Though not specifically mentioned in any banking handbook, the Mystery Payee is a very real danger. Your bank staff likes to know what you are up to. Payments to Electricity Boards or Commissioners of Inland Revenue arouse no rancour; it is the inexplicable disbursements to The Swedish Fish House or Old-Tyme Steam Supply Company which anger and baffle. The case is recorded of a man who began paying three pounds on the first of each month to Famous Funeral Furnishers, and after five years of it his bank charges had quadrupled. It was all right for a month or two; he could have been acquiring one of their superannuated horses, or burying himself by instalments; but soon the thing got beyond all reason; the staff lay awake at nights, and even began holding meetings in their own time, trying to solve it. When



at last it came out quite by accident that he was simply renting a garage space among the hearses he was paying huge sums for a mere half-page of ledger, and the anti-climax was such a shock to the accountant's nerves that they slapped another three guineas on that half-year.

Observation

Get out of the habit of asking the date. It's stuck up there, in three places, the size of a playbill. The cashier who tells you the date fifty times a year with a pleasant smile, instead of saying "You blind or something?" must be allowed a certain vengefulness when the time comes. It is only fair to his blood pressure. This may mean that a silly and unnecessary question is costing you two shillings a go.

Timing

This is vital, and your whole fortunes may turn on it. It is bad enough to be too early, bustling in with two home safes, the housekeeping cheque and an inquiry about the rate of exchange in Portugal before the cashier has got his sponge wet. To be too late is death. In any well-ordered bank there is a daily gamble on whether some lunatic will come in a minute before closing time. The ledgers and cash-books and counter-sheets are brought to a state of imminent finality, with pencilled totals awaiting the sealing ratification of the pen; the whole works can be ruled off at the instant of door-slam, and every man can reach for his hat. Every now and again some bold spirit with an early appointment will risk everything by ruling the books off at two fifty-nine. This is the day when you come bubbling in at the stroke of three. Your reception may be bland enough, but behind it the images of lost buses, missed TV programmes, shrill wives and cold crumpets are raging like Furies. Rest assured, you will never overdraw by a shilling again.

Take these lessons to heart. There was never a better time to do so. They are worth money. Even under the credit squeeze there are thousands of contented bank customers to-day, enjoying cosy little loans secured by nothing but their wisdom in keeping their wet hats off the counter and arranging their treasury notes the right way up.



"Try switching to Channel 1 for a bit and see what happens."

Ballade of Qualified Satisfaction

THE rivers are too foul to feed the frogs,
The kiddies under thirty cannot read;
The ladies kiss their doctored little dogs;
This blasted parachute was guaranteed.
I know two men who can recite the Creed,
And one is mad: the other isn't white.
All right, Jack, I have everything I need—
But God knows how I'm going to sleep to-night.

The heroes of the young resemble hogs;
The woodshed's getting very full indeed.
The stage is wet with sexy duologues—
Can nothing hold it back, this happy breed?
The old men that we cosh, they don't half bleed;
And now we're sending up a satellite.
I'm glad we shot that man who disagreed—
But God knows how I'm going to sleep to-night.

They're using grandpa's fat to oil the cogs—
He played the game, but no one refereed.
We're well supplied with dope and demagogues;
We've found another substitute for tweed:
I wonder if they'll pass the sound of speed?
Yes thank you, Jack, this coffin's watertight:
I felt it in my bones that I'd succeed—
But God knows how I'm going to sleep to-night.

Move over, Prince. I'm first in the stampede—
Go somewhere else and fly your silly kite.
I never asked for you to intercede—
But God knows how I'm going to sleep to-night.

ALEX ATKINSON

Come in to the Beuk

By WILLIAM THORNTON



WE pay 11·462*d.* in the £ for the Public Library, I and the other burghers; 7·732*d.* less than for the Police and 10·802*d.* more than for the Civil Defence. On June 8 this year we had 67,462 books out among the lot of us, including three that had got among the tennis-rackets we keep behind our piano, on which a fine of 1*s.* 7*d.* was owing. Twenty-five per cent of my fellow burghers are what the Librarian calls "active readers," by which he seems to mean readers who don't just wander into the library for a sit down or to get away from their relations, but actually come along and lug a proportion of the books home with them. Some of these active readers are known to read some of the books they borrow. Sixty per cent of the active reading burghers are at work on the non-fiction section, and the rest are assisting at the protracted funeral of the Novel (see *The Listener*, Jan., Feb., March, April, May, etc.) with 25,984·2 corpses cluttering up their houses on the night of June 8, including one in our airing-cupboard on which we had to pay 3*s.* 4*d.*

Most of these statistics were provided by the Librarian, a shrewdly distrustful, involuntarily communicative man with everything cut and withered at his finger-tips, and a tendency to talk about things like "the position with regard to the borrowing situation at a given moment." He was not happy about my credentials.

"From the press?" he inquired, running his eye over my three-quarter-length cape, anti-gas.

"Not exactly from," I said.

"I can give you some figures," he said.

I wanted to ask if he thought librarians began to look like books at a certain stage, the way fishmongers resembled fish; and whether they came to hate readers as bus-conductors hate passengers. What percentage of librarians were active reading burghers in private life, with or without pianos and/or airing-cupboards?

"With regard to fiction for, um, purchase," he was saying, "that is in the hands of experienced senior library personnel specially trained in selection, largely based, of course, on the best critical and authoritative opinion with regard to current trends."

His nose was as sharp as a pen and I felt like W. Pickles earning every penny he screws out of the B.B.C. Was he courting, or had he read any embarrassing books lately?

"Very interesting," I assured him. "Significant."

When he had given me some more figures he rose to his feet, shoes black, size 10, narrow fitting. "The proper course, of course, where it is wished to make inquiries is to make application to the Chief Librarian. As a matter of courtesy. The Chief Librarian does not, of course, himself grant interviews."

"Of course not."

"But instructions would normally be given to an appropriate junior official, depending on the nature of the inquiries which were to be made and of which the Chief Librarian would normally require a record to be filed. For reference purposes. Details of the nature of the



specific inquiries should be stated in the letter of application which would be addressed to the Chief Librarian. Permission would almost certainly be granted, but the letter should be sent."

I had my hand on the door with the words **YJNO STAFF** on the frosted glass. There was a girl at a table working on a display notice: **BOOKS FOR THE HANDYMA—**

"Well, I—um," I said.

"As a matter of courtesy," the Librarian said, and I was outside, facing the fiction shelves U—Z, among a crowd of active reading burghers, peering and weaving, twitching and grieving like Dylan's hens, along the rows of books.

As things stand, you can borrow three non-fiction books and one fiction; but *avant-garde* assistant librarians are already talking of a massive reorganization of the system which will have the effect of reversing the ratio, bringing it back into line with the latest neo-Victorian sociological *What-would-you-like?/Well-you-can't-have-it* trends.

This is no place for an exhaustive analysis of the operation of the best critical and public-authoritative taste in fiction, but reading mostly along the upper shelves on account of a touch of lumbago you find most of the authors you would expect for 11.462d. in the £—with one or two notable gaps, probably caused by reading burghers becoming exceptionally active in an effort to out-do the June 8 figures. Some novels bear the figure 8 in gilt upon their spines, and this means they can be taken out on a non-fiction ticket. I asked the Librarian about this.

"This figure 8—"

"Yes?"

"Who, um—?"

"The decision is taken by senior personnel in conjunction with the best critical and authoritative critical authorities, with a view to—"

"Getting the burghers to read proper books, and shifting some of the heavy stuff that clogs the—um—?"

"With a view to indicating that the work or works in question are felt to reach the highest levels of, um, literature."

"How long must an author be dead in order to—?"

"There is no question of an author's being necessarily dead."

Nor is there when you come to look at the shelves, though it obviously helps. *Bage, Balzac, Bennett, Burney, Collins W., Conrad, Defoe, De Morgan, De La Mare, Dickens, Dostoevsky, Dumas, Fielding, Flaubert, France, Galsworthy, Gide*—16 to 1 on the dear departed, the one respectfully not a novelist and the Frenchmen making the running.

One would have liked to press the point, to get at least a keyhole glimpse of senior personnel at their summit talks, bestowing and, on occasion, withdrawing the hallmark. Who gave it to G. K. Chesterton? And who took it away? Who boldly distinguished between Sitwells E., O. and S.? Who spoke for Kipling and who ditched Hugh Walpole? Why had Lord "Jorkens-Has-a-Large-Whisky" Dunsany so brief an hour of glory? And can anything be done about Lord "Last-Days-of-Pompeii" Lytton?

Vexed questions all, and unsuitable for mention in a letter to a senior official. Nor would one willingly asperse the hawk-like vigilance of appropriate personnel, though there are one or two eightless volumes we are watching pretty closely—*David Elginbrod*, for instance, by George MacDonald, LL.D., author of *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, *Sir Gibbie*, *Salted With Fire*, etc., and dedicated to THE MEMORY OF LADY NOEL BYRON WITH A LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH, pp. 412. Published in crown 8vo at 3s. 6d. and still in the original cloth gilt, this Hurst and Blackett novel remained steadfast on its shelf even in the frantic days of week ending June 11. It begins: "Meg! Whaur are ye gacin' that get, like a wull shuttle? Come in to the beuk." If it doesn't get an 8 pretty soon, some of us active reading burghers are going to buy its discharge and present it to the Chief Librarian.



Little French Jug, Don't I Love Thee

WITH Fernand Billa, ex-Chief Warden of that snug jug at Pont L'Évêque, near Deauville, starting his three year stretch for "negligence" (though all he did was to let the prisoners run the gaol in the way they felt best), and his establishment *si gai* disrupted, a good many people are inclined to say Yes, yes, uproarious business while it lasted, and then turn to see what's new on Cyprus and the Comers and so on. Such people are missing on at least three fundamentals.

Just in passing, a thing that doesn't speak so very well for This Age We Live In is the way a big section of the world public seemed to find Billa's conduct strange.

The fact is that Billa acted throughout in a quite reasonable manner, and the fact that he was caught at it and gaoled may be ominous and sad but does not make him "strange."

"There was this sudden flood of prisoners," he told the court, "and I and my staff were overwhelmed." He saw at once that what was causing the work in the little prison was the fact that there were prisoners in it, so why should they not do the work they were causing? And what would you have done if a man had been brought along in the Black Maria and they told you,

By CLAUD COCKBURN

as they told Billa, that what he was in for was pushing a visiting Income Tax Inspector into an outside refrigerator and keeping him there for a couple of hours to cool off? Let's be frank and admit that after giving free vent to your amusement, and congratulating the fellow on his ingenuity and public spirit, you would at once have appointed him to a position of trust and responsibility in the gaol.

Nor, so far as one can see, was Billa much mistaken in his shrewd appraisal of character. The convicts showed themselves grateful and humane, and went to a lot of trouble to justify Billa's trust in them. (Convict Mainville testified he had sacrificed an entire evening—ordinarily spent dancing at Deauville or the Sous-Préfecture, or dining quietly with his wife—pains-takingly learning, under Billa's own supervision, to copy Billa's signature so as to be able to sign important documents, such as releases of prisoners from custody, character references, orders for wine and so on, without having to pester the Chief Warden every few hours.)

When Billa wanted to go on a little jaunt to Paris or Deauville there was

always a convict ready to set aside whatever else he might have planned to do, and keep him company. When word came that Billa was in no condition to get up from the pavement outside a Deauville bar and walk to the bus-stop, private transport was at once arranged by the prisoners at their own expense.

Not only was Billa not particularly odd, but the fact is he was only following in the footsteps of such pioneers of penology as the chap who got into such trouble in World War I—Graham Greenie will tell you the full story, the man was some relative of his—because he was in charge of a gang of German prisoners at the Tower of London, and when the first Zeppelin raid occurred this man thought how beastly frustrating it must be for these Huns to hear their chaps humming away overhead in their silvery-gasbag and not be able to see them, so he let them all out to have a look.

No isolated instance this, for the only thing that made such a *cause célèbre* out of Billa, suggesting that he was someone quite out of the ordinary, was just this accident of the lawyer at Deauville who chanced to see his daughter samba-ing in the arms of a man he had seen in court a week before being sentenced to two years' gaol. If the lawyer had

on



iappy



newson



548



... by Chick Bingo

... by Bop



minded his own business, and if one of the convicts had not carried things a bit too far by dressing up as a policeman and arresting people, nothing would have been heard of Billa, as such, any more than anything has been heard of the heads of several of our most active Government Departments, many of whom, as a matter of fact, have been running their outfits on the Billa System for years.

Like Billa, these men felt very tired and depressed after the War and they furthermore were confronted—like Billa—with an absolute flood of work. It was then that they made the very sensible decision to abandon any attempt to run their departments themselves, and instead turned over the whole business partly to office boys, partly to anyone who, in exchange for a comfortable chair in a reasonably warm room, would agree to send out letters, order people to pay up or else, regret that no information could be supplied and so on.

People who attack or defend the Civil Service without grasping the essentials of the Billa System are naturally at sea. They can't understand why Government Departments act the way they do any more than the lawyer at Deauville could understand what this convicted criminal was doing at large on the dance floor.

The same thing is true of at least two large Trade Unions and a fairly extensive section of the armed forces. It is pointless to try to grasp what they are up to until you grasp that each of them is headed by a "Billa" who has turned over the actual running of affairs to people whose only objective is to have a nice place to sit down and not too many restrictions—which is all that Billa's convicts wanted. (One man confessed to a crime he had not committed simply in order to get himself imprisoned *chez Billa*; and there are a lot of people in London who, at one time and another, spent months demonstrating that they were stupider, meaner, nastier, more pompous, more sycophantic and bumbling than they really were just in order to get sent to Whitehall or Transport House.)

It is touching to see the loyalty with which our British Billas are treated by the inmates of the various institutions over which they preside. One of them wants to run over and take a look at the situation in Bermuda, or find out how



"But I've done nothing to deserve anything so beautiful, Mr. Peterson."

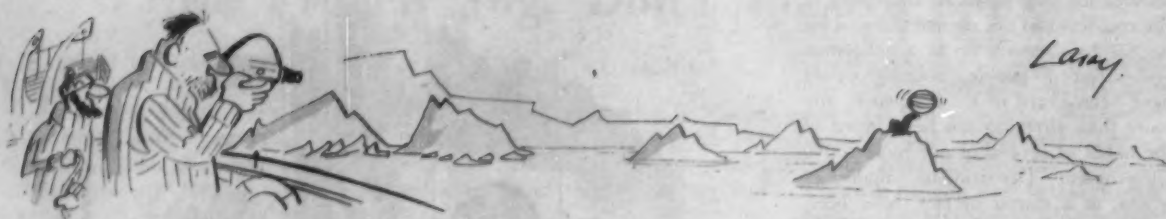
the Javanese are making out now that summer has come to their lovely island, and within an hour of his wish being expressed he is surrounded by eager volunteers, prepared to drop everything and go along with him; ready, if necessary, to carry him home and pull him together with a nice cup of Sound Thinking in case he keels over somewhere, overcome by some subtle ideological cocktail or little known Oriental poison.

The recent glimpse into the working of the Billa System afforded by proceedings at Pont L'Évêque may have been instructive to some, but the fact has to be faced that in some quarters the repercussions have been nearly catastrophic, and I understand they were responsible for the sale of Ealing Studios to the B.B.C.

As I get the story, the position was that after a lot of story conferences, everyone at Ealing was all set to go to work on a really wonderful comedy about the warden of a prison who, in his whimsical, fantastic if you like, but still essentially human and universal sort of way, had turned over his prison to the convicts, who were richly varied characters, but—despite some fantastic behaviour—essentially human and sort of universal.

Fortunately, a man in Paris some months ago got wind of the state of affairs at Pont L'Évêque and warned them that at any moment the story might break into the newspapers and real life jump their claim. It was then that the Ealing people made up their minds to sell the place.

(It is believed that one of Billa's



shrewdest advisers—whose advice was unfortunately disregarded—urged him to plead in his defence that he had seen so many French, Italian and British films embodying this, or equivalent, fantasy that he had supposed that all prisons were run in this way. He had learned all he knew about convicts from studying Humphrey Bogart and Peter Ustinov in *We're No Angels*.)

The blow to the theatre has been equally severe. Four plays in which a Billa-type warder was to have been the principal character have had to be abandoned. In one—which was to have opened on Broadway almost immediately—he was going to be sort of symbolic of Destiny, and an English playwright was half-way through the second act of a drama in which the Billa

prison was really representative of the world-wide struggle of freedom against dictatorship, with Billa winning sympathy by being on both sides at once.

There is a strong feeling that if real-life characters are going to start behaving this way, the whole business of entertaining and instructing the public may as well be handed over to the newsmen and the newspapers right away.

Restoration Comedy

KAMPALA

IT has been a week of cheering in Buganda, because the Kabaka whom the Governor summarily deposed and exiled two years ago has returned to ride in triumph under an archway inscribed "WELCOME FROM THE PROTECTORATE GOVERNMENT." Crowds are quick to sense a change in the balance of power.

Whether they are as quick to acknowledge the symbolic value of the accompanying political clergymen, members of the Africa Bureau, teacher-peers, women Labour M.P.s, ex-officers of the Guards, lawyers, dentists, theatrical designers and guests even more glamorous is open to doubt. Are these bored visitors, yawning in the palm-lounge of the Imperial Hotel, really to be identified as the force that smashed the defences of the Colonial Office and restored the Merry Monarch to his throne? Are these the kingmakers?

True, the more favoured among them are occasionally invited to the Palace, where they are regaled with whisky-and-tonic-water, and have to be careful not to tread on any of His Highness's subjects who, of whatever degree, crouch low in his presence. It is disconcerting at first. There comes a loud knock on the door, and round it, but only a few inches above the floor, peers

a bearded face. This belongs to the Lord High Treasurer, who is not playing bears but is anxious to acquaint his sovereign, as a matter of form, with the Budget proposals. We are now living under a constitutional monarchy.

His Highness does not really like whisky-and-tonic, especially when it is served in sherry glasses. "These glasses are too small," he sighs; but no one, not even the A.D.C., straight from the Grenadier Guards, seems able to do anything about it. Prince Henry, the sovereign's half-brother, is sent to have a look at the pantry, but returns to say he has forgotten the nature of his mission. "Scatter-brained Henry!" says a crouching courtier affectionately.

But the Palace itself is a real credit to the Public Works Department. One palace, Kabaka, for the use of. It is a District Commissioner's bungalow adorned with a cupola. Some such special distinction is necessary, because in an ordinary P.W.D. bungalow one is not liable to meet a Hereditary Strangler on all-fours.

Politics, in the middle of all this Black Mischief, keeps breaking in. The European friends are forbidden, by a monarch finding his new constitutional feet, to attend a cocktail party given in their honour by the Uganda National Congress. They hurriedly find previous

engagements elsewhere, in Kampala's only other hotel.

The Kabaka goes forth in his glory, icily indifferent to Sir Andrew Cohen's ungainly attempts to placate him. He has no longer anything to fear from the Protectorate Government, but the Uganda National Congress are another matter. He shudders a little as he drives under the arch they erect in his honour, like Louis XVI accepting the tricolour cockade at the Paris town hall. The inscription demands immediate elections for the whole of Uganda, and is no tribute to feudalism.

Farther on, however, there is a more pleasing arch, erected by the Sudanese Association. It bears the simple legend: "Be happy; good morning." Apparently it is still the honeymoon, and not yet time to write "*Bonjour tristesse*."

"Also retiring (just before his 58th birthday) is Sir Leigh Ashton, Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

His work in the museum and art world is impressive and well known. Not so well known is his impressive service during the war at the British Embassy in Ankara.

He was there when the spy Cicero took invasion secrets from the Embassy safe . . . A pity he was not in office when the Foreign Office were faced with the Burgess-Maclean fiasco."—*Daily Mail*

Oh. Wasn't he, then?

Giving them Glimpses

By CHARLES REID

THE morning was bleak, wet and dirty-blue along Thames-side. They swarmed off buses, out of Tube stations and across the Hungerford footbridge in their thousands, wearing a rich diversity of cap- and hat-badge, schoolchildren all, none over sixteen. Caught up in the juvenile stream, a handful of interloping adults felt—if my own feelings are anything to go by—hearty, avuncular and utterly out of it.

The Festival Hall was a rustling hive, ready to split down the seams. Behind me a segment of girls' school in grey uniform, elastic hatbands under pink or pale chins, filed into the terrace stalls. Teacher gripped a handbag and chubby umbrella, white-knuckled. Worry had written a blank music stave across her forehead. When the segment had settled in its seats she said "You all look very nice. Now, no fidgeting, no silliness."

Bits of Mozart opera were acted at the edge of the platform, just out of the fiddle bows' reach, by singers in ordinary clothes, pick of their day wardrobes in fact. The conductor explained things as he went along. *Seraglio* took up quite a bit of our time. "Selim Pasha doesn't sing a note. Lucky chap. Conductor can't tell him he's out of tune!" (*Flat, cruel silence.*) The conductor had better luck with Osmin. "Osmin's a big bully. (*Titters, mf.*) That's the big bully sitting at the end of the platform. (*Chuckles, f.*) In the end the big bully is pushed into a fountain. (*Hilarity, ff.*) Of course, it isn't a real fountain, so he doesn't get wet." (*Ecstasy unbridled, con tutta forza.*)

In the end we reached *The Magic Flute*.

There's no point in pretending that all children at all Robert Mayer concerts are as attentive as seraphim in an altarpiece about Saint Cecilia and the hydraulic organ. Undoubtedly boredom creeps in. But it cannot be more than marginal. Otherwise I don't see how the Mayers could have kept these concerts going and packed, with thousands turned away, as long as they have, i.e. since 1923. The feat is a singular one. It led me to seek out the Mayers in their flat behind Portland Place.

Sir Robert Mayer is a small, neat human parcel, face the colour of a

new-picked cherry, wears youngish suits youthfully, has a full head of wavy iron-grey hair as worn by virile business men of fifty in evening-dress hire ads. "I am seventy-six," he said. "My hair is a freak."

Born in Mannheim, a brewer's son, he gave his first piano recital at eight, wearing black velvet and frilled shirt. At the conservatorium he had harmony from Weingartner and piano lessons from Fanny Davies, first in a chain of legendary teachers (one of them was Harold Bauer) which lengthened well into his middle life. Father counselled him against music as a vocation, saying, in effect, "Let music be your solace, not your money-getter." So at seventeen Mayer came to England, settled in the City, made a fortune out of copper.

What induced him to spend so much of his money ("over £100,000," says a recent newsclip which Mayer does not repudiate) on music for children? "In other words," paraphrases Lady Mayer with a sigh, "where's the catch? What are you getting out of it? That's the sort of question so many people have at the back of their minds when talking to Robert." Dorothy Mayer (*née* Moulton, sometime concert singer) has a face that reminds me of my first sweetheart, Lilian Gish. It is a face with three main looks: one severe, one sardonic, one smilingly pretty.

Severely she defined their main-springs. "In Robert's case it's because he likes children. And he has notions about social service. My case is

different. I am a singer. I believe in Art. Just as much as I believe in God." Here she winged me with a piercing, evangelical glance. "You see, I am a Quaker. I don't look like one in the least." True. There were pearls, a glitter of rings, touches of fur. "I couldn't go to musical cocktail parties, as I have to, if I did. What music does is *elevate*. It lifts, sends us up. It gives us a Glimpse. If the glimpse of God is only for a moment, that is better than never seeing."

Severity had modulated to sweetness. When I banally asked whether music makes better citizens she changed to her sardonic face and replied: "Not a bit of it. I know musicians who are very bad citizens. We shall not be judged on whether we are good citizens. We shall be judged on the sort of stuff we are. On whether we are good *bread*."

The important thing, evidently, is to multiply the Glimpses, as she calls them. Which is precisely what she and her husband are doing.

To the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children (i.e. for the under-sixteens) are now added the Robert Mayer Concerts for Young People (for the sixteens to twenty-fives). Top-formers in grammar schools and public schools, college students, young men and women from factories, banks, counting houses and so on are paying eighteen shillings down for admission to six Saturday morning concerts a season by first-rate orchestras—and to affiliation with an international body, the Federation of Jeunesses Musicales, which promises high fun in the way of musical exchanges.

With Vaughan Williams stepping in to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in his *Tallis Fantasia*, Norman del Mar handling the rest of a neat ninety-minute programme (Borodin, Debussy, Dvořák, and Alec Robertson, that maestro among commentators, saying the most outrageous things in his blindest way, the opening concert of the series went surely and happily. The audience was silent in a greedy, almost ravenous way. I rarely have the pleasure of sitting among such.

And they all looked good citizens. Yes, Lady Mayer, that too.





Lessons from the 'Thirties

A MORE serious line of criticism comes from those who question whether in principle higher taxation is an appropriate remedy for inflation."

Leading article in the *Sunday Times*

"Is the autumn Budget inflationary? It seems that a lot of people think it is."

Sir Oscar Hobson in the *News Chronicle*

A Gallupian sample of public opinion would show that Mr. Butler's supplementary Budget is considered both deflationary and inflationary. The housewives and approximately half the country's stockpile of economists would label it deflationary: the Stock Exchange, the trade unions and the rest of the economic wizards would brand it as inflationary. Mr. Gaitskell would, of course, be in both camps.

Now this is a pretty parlous state of affairs. We have reached a stage where economic confusion is complete, where the Chancellor, at full-back, is repeatedly putting through his own goal and being congratulated by the goalkeeper.

The Butskells believe that we can cure inflation and chronic employment (over-employment) by applying subtle pressure at the trigger spots, by squeezing the housewife, the builder and the credit-hungry. And the Skellbutts believe exactly the opposite. Inflation can be stamped out either by forcing prices up (a general sales tax, higher interest rates and so on) or, apparently, by forcing prices down (abolishing purchase tax, price rings and the rest).

In the circumstances—with monetary control in disgrace—it might be useful to consider the *known* specifics. We have never before experienced crisis in the middle of a boom, never known a time when half a million jobs were going begging and our capacity to export was handicapped by insatiable domestic demand: but we do know quite a lot about the problem in reverse, about remedies for unemployment and deflation, and it may be that a long look at the negative of a picture of the 'thirties could help to disperse the economic fog of 1955.

The lesson of the 'thirties is that international tension is the most effective blanket solution to the problem



of depression. The threat of war puts the workless into uniforms, creates a new demand for steel, coal, cotton, and food, starts a boom. It never fails. The last country to climb out of the trough of 1930-40 was isolationist America, a country separated by three thousand miles of ocean from the sabre-rattling of Mussolini and Franco, the dangerous week-end bombast of Hitler and ugly rumours from Moscow, from war's alarms and the occupational therapy of rearmament.

What we need now are week-end messages of peace and goodwill from every capital city. A tangible dove would let us cut the call-up, damp down the fires at the gunsmiths and return thousands of men to the tasks of peace.

In the 'thirties we prepared impressive schemes of public works, slum clearance, corvée work on the roads, afforestation. The Americans launched the Tennessee

Three Acres or a TV Set?

EVERY week the local paper, the *North Devon Gazette and Post*, carries one column of Births, two columns of Deaths, and five columns of Farms for Sale. I observe that many of these have been on the market for over twelve months. Can it be true that nobody wants them? I always thought we were a nation of countrymen and that at least half the people who had to live in cities only managed to endure it by pretending to themselves that one day when their ship came in they would buy a small farm and live happily ever afterwards. Indeed I used to say that the farm and forty acres was the contemporary equivalent of a castle in Spain. Can it be true that all these nostalgic day-dreams have dissolved? Or is it not more likely that people are simply unaware how cheaply such properties can be bought? No doubt they think that prices are still as high as they were in 1950. They are not; indeed, at this rate they will soon be back to the give-away figures of 1938.

A glance down the list of farms for sale in a recent week's issue shows, for instance, that for £1,500 anybody can buy the freehold of Tetcott Farm.



Valley Authority project, symbol of the New Deal: we in Britain converted Black Spots into Special Areas. We tried to stamp out unemployment by means of emigration, by cutting the age for pensionable retirement, raising the school-leaving age, filling in derelict canals, organizing football pools and launching television services.

And in 1955, believe it or not, we are still on the same tack. We have more capital projects on hand than we can possibly furnish with men and materials. We plan new railways, roads, airfields, houses, power stations, factories, ships and TV stations. And Parliament pretends that practical progress is being made by repeatedly shuffling the order of their priority. Oh for a Senyck, a Keynes standing on his head.

MAMMON



I've known it all my life. It consists of a stone built house and about a hundred acres, thirty of which is only cliff land, but the remainder is first-class barley ground. And the present owner paid £3,500 for the place in 1940, and spent a couple of thousand in putting in a bathroom, electric mains and a new shippen and water.

If the price asked is £1,500 you may be sure that £1,200 would be accepted. Why don't local farmers buy it? The answer is simple: Their overdrafts are already squeezed and they haven't the labour to run it.

I suppose those people who live in the cities and who would like a farm don't make an offer for such places, because they lack the time or the knowledge to make a go of it. I wonder why people in England don't imitate the Americans in this matter? It seems a pity that we should ape only their bad ideas, when their habit of two or three city families pooling their resources to buy a country place has so much to commend it. They usually put a bailiff in, who farms the land and sends produce up to them every week to New York. Each family takes it in turn to have a vacation on the farm. These country holidays cost them very little and during the rest of the year they have the satisfaction of feeling that they've turned a day-dream into reality. And they've got a sound investment which can't blow away down Wall Street.

Can it be true that the Englishman would rather own a TV set than three acres of Devonshire? The price is precisely the same at the moment.

RONALD DUNCAN



THE Government seemed to have left no stone unturned, no coat untrailing, no gaff uncommitted and no flank unexposed in order to tempt the Socialist Front Bench to come back to life—but all to no avail. The ghost is determined to commit suicide all over again in order to make assurance doubly sure. Parliament can seldom have listened to a drearier auto-funeral oration than that in which Mr. HERBERT MORRISON introduced Monday's vote of censure. As he meandered on interminably, the House quite abandoned all pretence that it was in session. Members

behind him put order papers over their faces and slept, waking only to protest against the too-loud private conversation of their neighbours, and when he sat down it was not possible to catch a single Hear, hear. There was stony silence and not one of his colleagues thought to say anything—not even good-bye.

Very Susceptible Chancellors

Mr. BUTLER wisely ignored it. Equally wisely he almost ignored his own Budget. He concentrated on Mr. GAITSKELL, congratulated Mr. BEVAN that, after Mr. GAITSKELL's speech, Mr. BEVAN would no longer have "to stoop to conquer" and exposed with relish the incompetence of Mr. GAITSKELL's own last months of Chancellordom. We saw the rare spectacle of Mr. BUTLER enjoying his own jokes. The motion was so drawn that there was little chance for a Socialist to disagree with it, or a Conservative to agree, and this drove the debate on to familiar party lines and left Dr. DALTON and the Prime Minister little to do save to wrangle about what Mr. Baldwin said in 1934—which was perhaps at any rate one up on what Mr. Gladstone said in 1886. The Prime Minister, in unfamiliar rôle in replying to a domestic vote of censure, was terribly disappointing, and one could not but wonder whether it was a good plan to allow him to defend the Government just because he was head of it.

A Lordship's View

Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY and Mr. ANGUS MAUDE managed to get in powerful, non-partisan and provocative speeches,

Sir ROBERT to demand more discrimination against the dollar and Mr. MAUDE a more vigorous attack on monopolies and a real effort to check the rise in prices. But perhaps the most cogent of all criticisms of the Budget came in the Lords on Tuesday from Lord CONESFORD—a title which ineffectively disguises from their Lordships the personality which used to delight the House of Commons as Harry Strauss. He wanted not more taxation but less expenditure, and roundly attacked the increase both of purchase tax and profit tax.

The Stokes Gun

On Wednesday, Mr. GRIMOND set the ball rolling by very reasonably asking the Postmaster-General why both Mr. BUTLER and Mr. GAITSKELL should not be incarcerated in the Tower for their violation of the 14-day rule. Then Mr. SELWYN LLOYD defended the Government's national service policy in a lifeless speech. As long as the Government spokesmen for their own domestic purpose persist in painting pictures of an improving international situation that bear no relation whatsoever to reality, it is indeed an impossible task to justify the Government's defence programme. But why do Cabinet Ministers imagine that they are the only people who can read? What is the point of reading out reams of figures that are already available in print and might just as well stay there? And meanwhile Mr. Lloyd said nothing on the question which, whether it be answerable or not, was the one question to which everyone wanted to hear the answer—why should we have a



The Third Man—MR. BEVAN

two-year period when all our allies make do with less? The main advertised object of the debate from the Socialist point of view was to enable the Third Horse, Mr. BEVAN, to have his trial gallop for the Leadership Stakes. But, though Mr. BEVAN ranted away in familiar and eloquent fashion, the show was unexpectedly stolen from him by Mr. STOKES, who made incomparably the best speech that has been made from the Front Opposition benches this autumn.

An Agreeable Rattle

Mr. STOKES has a pleasant schoolboy informal method of talking common sense which marks him out as indeed a rare being among politicians. He gives the impression of rattling on, saying anything that comes into his head, without caring twopence whether his opponents, or indeed even his supporters, agree with him or not—and perhaps that is as good a way as any other. He took full advantage of the openings which Mr. SELWYN LLOYD left him. He thought that the Government's policy could only be explained as a "surrender to the generals," and tried, as he feared, in vain to get some sense into "the noddle of the nincompoop who wrote the White Paper."

Really Mr. STOKES had said so much and Mr. SELWYN LLOYD had said so little that there was not much for Mr. BEVAN to rebut, but he prattled away for half an hour like a genial, witty, puzzled club man over his port, asking what it was for which the Government wanted men and professing to be unable to find

an answer. When soldiers were asked to report on soldiers, he complained, they reported that soldiers were a very good thing, just as when psychiatrists were asked to report on psychiatrists they reported that psychiatrists were a very good thing—or, he might have added, when politicians were asked to report on politicians. It is true that at one point he suggested that Mr. HEAD was "gaga," but even that charge was brought in an accommodating mood and he professed himself quite ready to apologize in the unlikely event that after further investigation he should be found to be wrong. Then Sir WALTER MONCKTON in judicial mood, and so to bed. The *Daily Worker*, hard put to it to discover a roaring lion in this quiet den, selected—a little unconvincingly—Mr. VICTOR YATES for the rôle. Mr. YATES is an old-fashioned Socialist only fifty years behind the times, who stands a little to the left of BEVAN and a little to the right of Mr. HARRY LEGGE BOURKE, and, if Mr. YATES was a lion, it was quite clear, when it came to a division, that the Daniels had it—by a substantial majority on both sides of the House.

The Fairly Clean Air

Then on Thursday Mr. WILLIAM DEEDES on Clean Air—and after such a week as this about time too. Mr. DEEDES is too old a hand as a journalist to take the House of Commons over-seriously and too young a hand as a politician openly to rag it. He compromises by giving the excellent impression that he has a lot of quiet jokes



A full-blown gunner—MR. RICHARD STOKES

which he is keeping to himself because the other Members would not be bright enough to see them. But Dr. SUMMER-SKILL, coining a phrase, complained that he was "not seized with the urgency of the situation." Mr. NABARRO complained that the Government's bill was not really as good as his own, and no one cared for it very much except Mr. FLETCHER-COOKE, who would like to see artificial wind to blow away the artificial smoke. If only we could have artificial men in place of the present humans whose dirty habits have created all the trouble the problem would be solved. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





BOOKING OFFICE

Where Breaks the Blue Sicilian Sea

The Dog at Clambercrown. Jocelyn Brooke. Bodley Head, 18/-

MR. JOCELYN BROOKE is one of the most interesting and talented of contemporary writers. I think of him as a performer at a fair or variety show, who arrives on the stage always with the same properties and puppets. There is certain to be the back-drop of Kentish landscape. Then the author himself in his pram is wheeled on to the stage by his Nanny, with his mother in attendance. There are botanical effects, and sometimes fireworks. Comic soldiery of the Royal Army Medical Corps disport themselves in the wings. Occasionally, the background is changed, showing perhaps a scene in a London public house or a camp in the Middle East; but sooner or later we are back again among the hopfields, with the neighbours and the family wine business and glimpses of a highbrow's schooldays. It is always the same; and yet it is always different. We are left as delighted by the hundredth performance as we were at the first. It is magic—conjuring of which we never tire: an example in short of what is called "art."

The present book is ostensibly an account of a visit to Sicily, but this Mediterranean tour is presented, in Mr. Brooke's inimitable manner, through the medium of all his traditional stage properties mentioned above. As a discursive travel book it seems to me in no way inferior to Norman Douglas at his best. The account of having to eat two enormous luncheons in quick succession on a blazing hot day—the second provided by a member of the Mafia—is, for example, a riotously funny incident.

"The Dog" of the title is the name of a pub, heard spoken of in childhood, and assuming the importance of a secret, forbidden country to which a pilgrimage must be made to appease its gods. "The Dog," in its way, links up with the Sicilian pilgrimage and the

author's preoccupation with the myth of Persephone.

Mr. Brooke is intensely interested in himself, a characteristic far rarer than is generally supposed, even among authors. Genuine interest in self—like Pepys's or Boswell's—implies a severe degree of self-criticism. Really absorbing egotism always stops short of self-examination; for the good reason that this must always be a painful process. Not so Mr. Brooke. He enjoys his own



futilities, without in any way dwelling morbidly on them, and he has an extraordinary skill in describing what happens to him, and just the kind of person he is.

It might be added that the book also contains some excellent literary criticism. There are two passages, one about James Joyce and the other about D. H. Lawrence, which express some admirable truths regarding those writers, of a kind rarely heard. It is another of Mr. Brooke's peculiarities that, intensely a child of his age and a writer perhaps more than usually influenced by the writers fashionable during his adolescent period, he yet remains an original in style and technique. He has, in fact, drunk so deeply of his period that, stylistically speaking, nothing is left in this book but his own method.

There are any number of good things

here: a row about a school magazine at Bedales: an account of re-enlisting in the Army after the war was over, and acting as a medical orderly at the same time as he was giving talks on the Third Programme. Colonel Bodkin, R.A.M.C., under whom he served, is beautifully drawn. That is all, of course, on what might be called the comic side of the book.

It has its poetic side too. Persephone was carried off by the King of the Underworld from the fields of Enna, and there at last the author finds himself:

"As for the lake itself, there was something about it entirely lifeless and without character; it was like a photograph of a lake, preserved as a memento of some dull excursion, in a traveller's album. Perfectly calm, it stretched away under a dun, clouded sky towards the low hills of the further shore. It was quite a big lake, yet its stagnant, lifeless air gave an impression of smallness and squalor, suggesting some dreary backwater, hemmed in by factories and warehouses, on the fringe of an industrial town. I stood on the brink, peering down into the dark, motionless depths: to my surprise the water teemed with some minuscule, unidentifiable fish . . . I sat for a few minutes upon the bank above the road. Here, surely, I thought, was the ancestral realm of the Dark Gods: deities more ancient and more terrible than those Freudian demiurges which obsessed the mind of poor Lawrence: true gods of the Underworld, not to be propitiated; implacable enemies of the sun and all fruitfulness, in whose kingdom Persephone might languish, for all eternity, without hope of reprieve . . ." ANTHONY POWELL

Over-painted

H.M.S. Ulysses. Alistair Maclean. Collins, 12/6

H.M.S. Ulysses is the account of a cruiser action during seven days of an Arctic convoy. There are many attitudes that a novelist may adopt in describing heroic events, and Mr. Maclean's is frankly one of boyish respect and awe. His cruiser captain dies of T.B., the

ship's company is riddled with disaffected sailors who redeem themselves in the moment of crisis with suicidal sacrifices, and the number of battles fought in a short space of time strains the most willing reader's credulity. Mr. Maclean himself served in the Navy, but the way he makes his seamen and officers talk bears no resemblance to the real thing.

Although the detail has been painstakingly worked in, the feel of the book, with its pointlessly heightened melodramas, its incipient mutinies and black-and-white renderings of character, is inaccurate and sensational. Mr. Maclean, for all his honesty of purpose, lacks the wit and detachment necessary to set his battle scenes in perspective, and he has not yet learned that the more flatly dramatic situations are described, the more impressive can be the effect.

A. R.

The City and the Mountains. Eça de Queiroz. Translated by Roy Campbell. Reinhardt, 12/6

De Queiroz was one of the leading nineteenth-century Portuguese novelists, and this is the third of his comedies to be translated. It is much more charming than a summary of it suggests. The narrator has a very rich and noble friend, an absentee landlord who lives a life of fantastic luxury and intellectual adventure in Paris, but finally returns to his estates and settles down. The descriptions of the Paris house, a kind of Poe-Huysmans world embracing electrical gadgets with the same fervour as Oriental mysticism or philology, are delightful: never can the telephone have been invested with so lurid an aura.

Part of the little novel's charm is that in atmosphere it is a hundred years out of time. Peasant purity and the corruption of "The Town" are contrasted with an ingenuous impetuosity that has something of the bright colours, moral simplification and dawn gaiety of *Candide*, and about as much real deadliness. Even when the incidents are too overdrawn for credibility, the style and the personality behind it remain fresh and attractive.

R. G. G. P.

The Bride of the Innisfallen. Eudora Welty. Hamilton, 12/6

The three longest, and best, stories in Miss Welty's latest collection—more varied and cosmopolitan in subject-matter than usual—all deal with journeys which end in lovers parting rather than meeting: two strangers, an unhappily married business man and a young woman embroiled in an unspecified affair, embark on a motor-ride through the exotic country south of New Orleans, with a captive alligator on the ferry-boat, and dance, before returning, in a beer-shack where an old man reads to a goose and the moths are "thick as ingots"; an American wife running away from her husband in England boards the boat-train to Cork in a carriage full of

delightfully garrulous passengers; "Going to Naples" describes the poignant idyll, expressed in terms of innocent horseplay, of a delectable, bouncing Italian girl of eighteen, returning to her homeland among a cargo of assorted compatriots. But all the items—even those concerned with madness and the macabre—have the special quality of enchantment present in everything this author writes.

J. M.-R.

The Enormous Shadow. Robert Harling. Chatto and Windus, 12/6

In calling this novel disappointing I do not deny that it is extremely readable; but the grip on the attention slackens instead of tightening, and what at first seems likely to be a study of power in a newspaper office that will rival C. P. Snow or Charles Wertenbaker or Cameron Hawley turns into a rather ordinary spy yarn, with an irrelevantly photogenic ending. Perhaps if the book had been longer and as rich in detail all through as it is at the beginning, the atomic scientist would be as convincing and as interesting as the ruthless Editor-in-Chief, who is a fairly stock character made fascinating by original observation of behaviour.

The narrator, a Washington correspondent on leave, hounds down a rising politician and has a love affair of low individualization with the scientist's wife. His relations with his boss are somehow more strenuous and more exciting than these activities. All the same, this is good entertainment and in the first half something more.

R. G. G. P.

The Primrose Path. Peter Forster. Longmans, 12/6

Edward Primrose, twenty-seven-year-old ex-National serviceman and "trainee" insurance-broker, is a latter-day type even weaker and more detestable than the anarchistic-academic "heroes" of Messrs. Amis and Wain. "Women and cash" are his "preoccupying interests": his mistresses are either horse-tailed secretarial types or blonde, tanned, "out of this world" stage-starlets, and their assorted variants. One of nature's cads, he prays tearfully when in trouble; hits a girl friend because she speaks disrespectfully of his dreary old grandpa, whom he secretly adores; resigns rudely when reprimanded for drunken brawling by the senior partner; and after a spell of advertising, undertakes a mission abroad for a specious international intriguer: murdered by communists when his manhood belatedly asserts itself, he is posthumously branded as a traitor by the daily press.

Aided by a blood-chilling dust-jacket, Mr. Forster paints a horrific picture of London's new "Bohemia," and if he seems less witty, vital, and entertaining than his predecessors in the 'thirties, it may be because the world he describes has itself become duller.

J. M.-R.



Hollowood

God and My Right. Alfred Duggan. Faber, 15/-

The assassination of archbishops has never been regarded as usual in England, which is, perhaps, why that of Thomas of Canterbury still attracts so many writers. Mr. Duggan himself has already dealt with it in biography and comes back to it now in fiction. His story begins with young Thomas setting forth for Merton to begin his formal education at the Priory and ends after the King's penance at his shrine, with Henry in nothing but a blood-soaked shirt and the Prior of Christ Church tactlessly telling of miraculous proofs of the Archbishop's sanctity; quite enough to excuse one of the famous royal rages.

The Archbishop, though it is obvious that the author is on his side, only faintly stirs with life; Henry may be said just to wriggle, but is consistently unattractive. Various matters—Becket's height, nose and chilliness, and the qualities of destriers, for instance—are repeated until they almost become a chorus, but this story of the long contest between King and Archbishop has its curious fascination.

B. E. S.

Collected Poems. William Empson. Chatto and Windus, 10/6

Mr. William Empson is one of the most interesting poetic curiosities of our time. His collected poems reach less than a hundred pages of verse, plus nearly thirty of explanatory notes which often do not explain very much. Perhaps two-thirds of these poems are tricks: not metaphysical conceits informed by passion or fantastic humour, but tricks of a verbal or scholastic order, the deceptive patter of an empty-handed conjurer. It is evidence of Mr. Empson's fame as a critic that these culture-vulture poems should have been viewed so solemnly, and their verbalisms analyzed with such care. And the other third? Three translations, a clumsy masque (some of it by other hands), and his "Cambridge smack or faint pat" at Auden, occupy several pages. There are left perhaps half a dozen pieces, justly praised, in which

something has been felt and the feeling has found adequate expression in the poem's form. Among them are "Villanelle," "Aubade," "Missing Dates," "Success." Is it the grim shadow cast here by American scholasticism (every poet a Professor of Creative Writing) that gives Mr. Empson his present influence upon the young?

J. S.

The Basque Country. Vivian Rowe.
Putnam, 18/-

The Basques are a people of unknown origin, their language has few affinities with any other language, living or dead. Their ancient country, unrelated to international frontiers, includes cosmopolitan Biarritz, as elegant as it was in the Second Empire, and forests once so thick that squirrels travelled "for many leagues around without ever touching the ground." In Bayonne, now peopled by French paratroops in rubber-soled boots, we recall Eleanor of Aquitaine and three hundred years of Plantagenet rule, and in Lohossou, as we look at discoidal tombstones, our thoughts go back even farther, to sun-worship and solar myths. The past of the Basque country is strangely related, sometimes, to the present: in Sarc, where Marie Dindart the witch was born (she said the Mass backwards and could make herself cane-thin and slip up the chimney), the modern wizard, the healer, is still called in if the cattle are sick.

This real never-never land, this

no-man's land with a character all its own, demands a Stark or a Sitwell to describe it. Mr. Rowe has good raw material, but his style is often cheap and never adequate.

J. R.

AT THE PLAY

The Winter's Tale (OLD VIC)
La Plume de Ma Tante
(GARRICK)

I NEVER see *The Winter's Tale* without boiling, over the monstrous treatment of Antigonus. A notably faithful servant, he carried out his lunatic master's orders to the letter, and his reward was to be eaten, for the sake of a very grisly joke, by a totally unnecessary bear. If he had to be sacrificed, in case news of Perdita's survival could possibly leak back to Leontes, then he had only to rejoin his ship to suffer the unpleasant but honourable fate of the rest of its company. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch guessed cynically but no doubt rightly when he suggested that the bear pit at Southwark had a well-behaved animal on hire, of which the Globe took advantage for a tonic bit of Jacobean fun. The bear is always an awkward intrusion in this awkward play, but I have never known him so clumsily handled as in MICHAEL BENTHALL's production at the Old Vic, where Antigonus, having finished his tucking-up of the infant Perdita, turns to him with the mild

surprise a man might show on running into an uncle at the Gare du Nord, after which they totter out in a Crazy Gang exit.

The Winter's Tale offers a field-day to the destructive critic, but that it can still be given a strange power was proved four years ago by Peter Brook. This new production is concocted of so many diverse styles of acting and speaking that the longwinded absurdities of the plot are seldom forgotten; the romantic anæsthetic without which we cannot sink ourselves in either the miseries of the court or the high jinks of the bean-fed rustics (and which it is the producer's job to administer) is at its strongest only a local, in spite of original and charming sets by PETER RICE.

The Leontes of PAUL ROGERS is gloomy and calculating, so that we are obliged to wonder—not for the first time—why nobody had noticed his jealousy before. WENDY HILLER plays Hermione without majesty, losing some of the force of the trial scene, and with dangerously small regard for the verse. ZENA WALKER's Perdita is a bouncing peasant, flattering environment more than heredity. The true humours of the hicks go for little, while as Autolycus JOHN NEVILLE, though he gets laughs, gets them by the easy verbal tricks of the bawdyboy. MARGARET RAWLINGS knows how to speak Shakespeare, and her Paulina is the best performance; otherwise, apart from a lively Florizel by JOHN FRASER and an amusing though disruptive account of the recognition scene by HAROLD KASKET in the manner of a court eunuch, there is no particular distinction in a cast which often seems as disconnected as the play itself.

Those who saw *Ah! Les Belles Bacchantes* in Paris will have a pretty good idea of *La Plume de ma Tante*, for ROBERT DHERY has transplanted freely. In Paris the ladies of his company were very little; in London this dichotomy of interest is removed, and the show stands or falls as the French equivalent of the Crazy Gang. On the whole it stands, in spite of the failure of some of the numbers to travel at all. Bravely, but I think unwisely, the company speaks broken English; so much of its comedy depends on mime that there was no need for this concession, except perhaps in the case of M. DHERY himself, who makes a charmingly friendly compère. The basic joke of the evening is that he is always preparing us for feats of staggering virtuosity, only to be miserably let down by his performers. This formula of the pin in the balloon is given many variations. The mobile squad of gendarmes whose trick-cycling act breaks down in argument, the ventriloquist unmanned when a flick of the curtain discloses his stooge sitting with a clothes peg on his nose, the girl in the chorus who cannot keep in step, these are there to embarrass poor M. DHERY; but also there are traps laid



Leontes—PAUL ROGERS

[*The Winter's Tale*

for the audience, such as the soprano almost imperceptibly jacked up as she sings a mushy song, and the girl on a swing who shatters the sentimental number by sending her partner for six.

This is probably the first time that a French street lavatory in all its starkness has appeared on the London stage—not, it must be confessed, with much effect. The big knockabout sketches are not so good as our native models, though most of them contain splendid incidents. It is in the little things of mime that this company excels, in such high moments as JACQUES LEGRAS holding up the show while he nibbles a biscuit. He, CHRISTIAN DUVALEIX, and PIERRE OLAF are all masters of every millimetre of their faces, and COLETTE BROSSET is the nearest imaginable to being a French Dora Bryan.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Waiting for Godot (Criterion—10/8/55), of course. *The Pajama Game* (Coliseum—19/10/55), a crudely realistic American musical, funnier than the average and with good tunes. *Small Hotel* (St. Martin's—19/10/55), an innocent curiosity of vivid observation.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES



How to be Very, Very Popular
Marcelino

I REMEMBER that *How to be Very, Very Popular* (Director: NUNNALLY JOHNSON) amused me very much at the time and that I came away feeling that I had had ninety minutes of enjoyment. It is undoubtedly the only one of the week's five films that I should care to see again. Yet I'm sure this is a most damaging admission: for many earnest moviegoers it will stamp me as a person of irretrievably shallow and frivolous mind, useless as a guide to anyone seriously interested in the cinema.

For this film, after all, as I briefly observed last week, is no more than time-killing entertainment. It presents BETTY GRABLE and SHEREE NORTH as two chorus-girls, pursued by a murderer because they know he did it and by the police for the same reason, and hiding—if that is the word—in a California university where the level of culture is (to say the least) fairly low. The whole thing is essentially farce, in spite of the murderer in the background; and it seems to me interesting that here, instead of the not unusual pattern of comedy treated farcically, we have what amounts to farce treated as comedy.

Of the two chief male characters, one (BOB CUMMINGS) has been at the college for seventeen years because a legacy supports him so long as he stays there, and the other (ORSON BEAN) is still living secretly on the premises rather than go home after being expelled. There are various other plot devices including the discovery by the college president that



Curly Flagg—SHEREE NORTH

Eddie Jones—TOMMY NOONAN

(How to be Very, Very Popular)

Dr. Tweed—CHARLES COBURN

the father of this second character is very rich and anxious to endow the place where he thinks his son is a student, the fact that the girls have arrived with nothing but coats over their stage semi-nudity, and the ease with which one of them succumbs to an amateur hypnotist who—but of course it doesn't matter. The treatment of these things as if they did matter, as if they were credible situations instead of the very stuff of farce, seems in this instance to add to the fun; but fun is the point, not probability.

And this director (who also wrote the script, from a novel and two plays by a total of four other people), experienced for many years in making the utmost effect with every kind of narrative, knows exactly how to build up the fun to a climax of which the almost indescribable complication is comic in itself. Perhaps I protest too much about this trivial and empty piece—I see it has divided the other critics, some of whom are not at all amused. But the thing was skilfully made to provoke laughter, and it provoked mine; I have a warm spot for it.

Of the four others this week, the least pretentious and most successful is the Spanish *Marcelino* (Director: LADISLAV VAJDA). This is a religious story, full of conscious "charm," about a child and a miracle, and as such by no means calculated to appeal to me; but it is well made and well acted and has other good points that the sourest puss must admit.

The central character is a little illegitimate boy brought up in a monastery (in the early nineteenth century) by twelve monks. The mischief of the lovable child (paper boats in the font, lizards in the food, and so forth);

the fond paternal amusement of the busy brothers; and the miracle, which depends on the boy's finding in a forbidden room an enormous crucifix and timidly offering bread and wine to the figure thereon "because he looks hungry." The bread and wine are accepted . . .

The boy (PABLITO CALVO) is excellent, admirably responsive to direction; and visually (strong light and shade, wonderful skies) the film is constantly pleasing. Anyone already inclined to like this sort of story will delight in it, and there is much to attract even those who are not.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Others in London—besides the Royal Performance film, HITCHCOCK's *To Catch a Thief*, of which more next week—include *King's Rhapsody*, HERBERT WILCOX's heavily-upholstered version of the Ivor Novello Ruritanian musical; *Love is a Many-Splendored Thing*, an emotional drama (from HAN SUYIN's book) about the love of a Eurasian woman doctor and an American journalist in Hong Kong, in which Hong Kong gets much the (CinemaScope) best of it; and a not very happy venture by ROSALIND RUSSELL into musical comedy, *The Girl Rush*. *Joe Macbeth* (2/11/55), which is entertaining though not to be taken seriously, continues; and the universally enjoyable *French Cancan* (7/9/55); and the crime film with the classic suspense sequence, *Rififi* (13/7/55).

Best of the new releases is *Summer Madness* (12/10/55), impressively good. *I Am a Camera* (26/10/55) has good bits, but as a whole is disappointing.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Alarms and Excursions

PEOPLE who ought to know better are already beginning to advocate sweeping changes in the I.T.A. charter. They believe that the mediocrity of the fare provided by the new service is the result of compromise, the decision to go commercial without giving the sponsors (advertisers) any say in the production of programmes.

They argue that the programme contractors will never spend handsomely enough to secure the services of abundant top-line performers, that the Press barons will be content to run commercial TV as a poor relation of their newspapers, and that the ground is being cunningly prepared for eventual nationalization and adequate compensation. Well, well!

The malcontents base their ideas, of course, on a wildly inaccurate estimate of the qualitative triumphs of America's sponsored television. They imagine that New Yorkers know nothing of the twilight ennui regularly experienced by British viewers. They believe that the Yanks tune in nightly to sparkling comedy, thrilling drama, magnificent cheesecake and Hollywood under the mistletoe. And unaccountably they hold these views in spite of the fact that the I.T.A. is already transatlantic enough to qualify for Federal union. How anyone could vote for sponsorship after seeing the I.T.A.'s string of imported comedy serials and give-away programmes is beyond my comprehension.

I welcome therefore the plain speaking of an American columnist, Jay Nelson Tuck, who tells us that the U.S. networks "are moving in this direction (towards programme contractor control),



ROBERT BEATTY

[Saturday-Night Out

though over stiff resistance from sponsors." "Advertiser-control," he says, "all too often means aiming the programme at the lowest common denominator in order to reach the maximum number of potential customers, and it is responsible for many of the worst abuses of our system."

Meanwhile I am still viewing. I turn dutifully to Channel 9, hope springing eternal and charity boundless. And occasionally I am rewarded. There are a few bright half-hours to be derived from "Theatre Royal" and "TV Playhouse," there are acceptable discussions in the series "The Scientist Replies"; there is Orson Welles, and there is the Hallé. But the average commercial programme is still vastly inferior to the standard B.B.C. output, and during the more dismal séances I cannot escape the feeling that I am slumping or engaged on some preposterous and embarrassing pub-crawl.

Typical of the new mush was "The

Pay-Off," an ambitious feature-length screen-play trading in love and crime and Brixton. This "drama by Barbara S. Harper" tried to be stark, terse and enthralling: it was merely meretricious, squalid and bosomy. I felt sorry for the players. They did their best to overcome the disadvantages imposed by faded film techniques and pervading gloom.

And so ("For this relief much thanks") back to the B.B.C.

"Saturday - Night Out," edited by Derek Burrell-Davis and Peter Webber, has rapidly established itself as a slick and entertaining vehicle for outside broadcasts. The O.B. vans take to the night air and the scene of operations like Stakhanovite fire-engines. All

is urgency, bustle and mounting excitement. And the risk of bathos is enormous. Fortunately, the man in visible control of the outing is Robert Beatty, and "the man with the mike" has the knack of making the unimportant seem important.

Beatty plays it the hard way, sampling the dare-devil chores of the experts with schoolboy relish and a stiff upper lip.

"Look," a series of programmes on wild life, restores one's faith in the future of television. Here we have informed and informal studio gossip on matters of interest to all who like to escape from city streets, we have excellent film and presentation devoid of stunts. The latest edition, "Wild Life in Trust," featured film made by Bernard Kunicki in the Royal National Parks of Kenya, film illustrating the methods used by poachers, and the damage done to family life in the animal kingdom. Mervyn Corvie and Peter Scott supplied the expert commentary.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 11d.; Elsewhere Overseas 21d. Mark wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30s.; Overseas 36s. (U.S.A., \$5.20); Canada 34s. or \$5.00.



Luck or skill?

More than fisherman's luck, it is experience of water, weather and the wily ways of trout that account for success. But when it comes to well-earned refreshment on the bank, it is neither skill nor luck which ensures the perfection of the reviving draught of coffee—when, as is most probable nowadays, it is made with Nescafé. For with Nescafé, you cannot help producing coffee as it should be made; stimulating, fragrant, lively with roaster-fresh flavour!



there's always time for

NESCAFÉ
100% PURE COFFEE

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

Evening Wear

Ready-tailored dinner suits
and tails for Sale or Hire



MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES

A gift to warm the heart! Prunier

"Hostellerie" Cognac

France's finest liqueur brandy, in a superb gilt-decorated gift pack—with two fine glasses included free... here indeed is a truly original and heart-warming gift!

Available through your wine merchant, complete with glasses, at only 50/-

Presentation gift boxes of Prunier B & N Cognac, including two free glasses, also excellent value at 44/-



LA VIEILLE MAISON

COGNAC
PRUNIER

JAS. PRUNIER & CO. LTD.
60 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.

above
ground



and below

The final stages of yet another example of Cleveland's deep foundation skill. The piers which are to support the mile long Neath River Bridge are firmly embedded in the rock strata, 78 feet below the surface. For any type of structure, in any part of the world, Cleveland's long experience enable them to build to schedule.

CLEVELAND

Builders of Bridges & Fabricators of all types of structural steelwork



The present you could never give before



You could send money, certainly. But, a postal order? . . . coin of the realm? . . . an ordinary cheque? Welcome, no doubt, but —dull. No gaiety. No sense of occasion. No *fun*. Then the Midland Bank introduced its colourful Gift Cheques and changed in weeks the whole idea of money presents. *Now* it brings you a Christmas Gift Cheque that will solve most happily a whole lot of present problems. So —give the present you could never give before. Give Midland Bank Gift Cheques. You don't have to have a bank account (at the Midland or anywhere else). You can buy this new idea in Christmas Gifts at any of the Bank's 2100 branches for the small sum of 1/- each, over and above the amount of the cheque. And, if you'd like to know more about this exclusive Midland Bank service, there's a colourful leaflet to be had free by asking at branches or by post.

★ Also available: Midland Bank Gift Cheques for Weddings, Birthdays and General Gift purposes

This Christmas, give

MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED, HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2



Very special chocolates

For special occasions you can buy no finer
chocolate assortment than Cadbury's Continental.

A pound box costs half a guinea.

Cadburys
CONTINENTAL





Reverse sheepskin coat—sueded finish, white fleece turned inward as lining. Length 32". These coats are really exceptional: soft, supple, smooth and beautifully made by specialists. Prices are rather special too

AUTUMN LEAF (mediumweight) } 29 gns. average size
 LIGHT TAN (lightweight) }
 NATURAL (mediumweight) 24 gns. average size

Many other models from 18 guineas. Further particulars and patterns on request

*A vital 'after-sales service': we can undertake to clean your sheepskin coat here by the proper furrier's process

Army & Navy **Stores**

VICTORIA STREET SW1 • VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT
 5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station

Asprey



for the finest Christmas gifts of all



Point-to-point hamper fitted with Thermos ice jar, two large food boxes, six glasses and serving tray. Spaces for bottles and syphon. £23. 15. 0



Glass Martini Mixing Jug with silver-plated spoon. 1 Pint size £2. 15. 0
 1½ Pint size £3. 10. 0

Cocktail Tray in Walnut or Mahogany with space for five bottles. Fitted as illustrated £44. 0. 0
 Tray only £13. 0. 0



Silver-plated "Ship's Lantern" Cocktail Shaker. Clear glass £11. 10. 0
 Port and Starb'd, red or green glass £13. 10. 0



Silver-plated Wine Cooler £23. 15. 0

Asprey's "Good Mixer" Martini Jug with 6 matching glasses on oblong narrow shaped tray (various colours and prints)

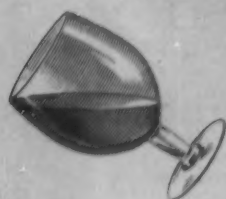


Mixer £4. 10. 0
 6 glasses £2. 2. 6 Tray £2. 15. 0

Write for Christmas Catalogue to:

ASPREY & COMPANY LIMITED • 165/169 New Bond Street, London, W.1

So this is CINZANO BIANCO...



I hear it has a fascinating flavour—sweet, but



with a sort of subtle tang... My word,



yes, it is good! Thanks, I certainly will...

More and more people are discovering CINZANO BIANCO — the unique White Vermouth recently introduced in this country by the world-renowned House of Cinzano. Smoothly sweet, but with a subtle, aromatic freshness, CINZANO BIANCO is delicious as a 'straight' drink, served well chilled. And to any mixed drink, short or long, it brings its own delightful individuality. Enjoy a new pleasure — try CINZANO BIANCO today.



DO YOU KNOW YOUR VERMOUTH?

Vermouth, being based on the juice of the grape, is a wine — but wine of a very special kind. It owes its character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill and care with which these ingredients are selected, prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted nearly a century-and-a-half to the perfecting of its Vermouths, with the result that they are now world-renowned. CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy. Since French grapes make the best dry Vermouth, CINZANO DRY is produced in France. Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sunset Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. So to make sure of enjoying Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO — BIANCO, or RED, or DRY.

Prize for CINZANO Cocktail Recipes — Ask your Dealer for details, and also for the new CINZANO RECIPE LEAFLET—or write to the address below.

CINZANO BIANCO The Perfect Drink at Any Time

17½ the large litre bottles half-bottle 9/- CINZANO RED ITALIAN VERMOUTH (Sweet) 17½ half-bottle 9/- CINZANO DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH 16½ half-bottle 9/-

CINZANO

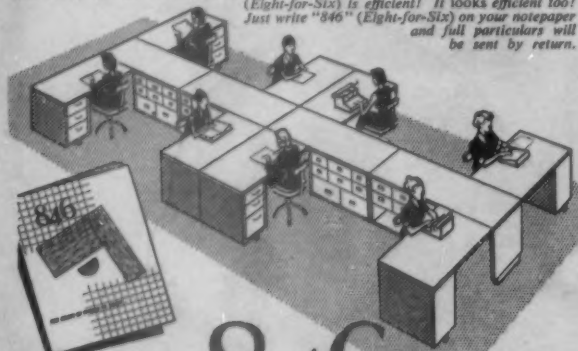
Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

GIORDANO LIMITED, 24-26 Charlotte Street, London, W.1

33% FLOOR SPACE SAVED! 25% MORE DESK AREA!

846 (Eight-for-Six) furniture literally applies time and motion principles to the office—whether it is for one person or several hundred (including sound-proofed offices for Senior Personnel). Thus eight people can work with greater efficiency and comfort where only six worked before. And in addition the desk area of each worker is 25 per cent greater.

Plan NOW for future expansion—decide to make more of existing space. 846 (Eight-for-Six) is efficient! It looks efficient too! Just write "846" on your notepaper and full particulars will be sent by return.



• Send for this fully illustrated free booklet showing wide variety of seating plans.

846 SERIES

System OFFICE FURNITURE

Shannon Systems

THE SHANNON LTD., 467 SHANNON CORNER, NEW MALDEN, SURREY

RENAULT

sets the pace..

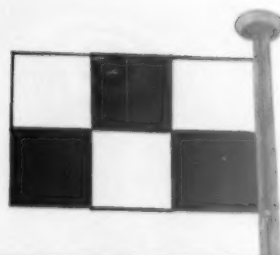


...with the 1956 Freigate

PERFORMANCE The new 1936 engine (ETENDARD)	✓ Outstanding!
LUXURY Fittings as standard (Heater, Air-conditioning, etc.)	✓ Of course!
ECONOMY Low maintenance costs (Removable wet liners are replaceable at £15 per set of pistons and liners)	✓ Yes!

Contact our nearest agent for a demonstration ride and let this brilliant 1956 Freigate show you its power
RENAULT Manufacturers in Great Britain since 1899. Distributors throughout the United Kingdom, all of whom carry full stocks of spare parts
RENAULT LTD · WESTERN AVENUE · LONDON W.3 · SHOWROOMS: 21 FINE MALL, S.W.1 (298)

She's a beauty!...



The magnificent new "Empress of Britain"
sails up the St. Lawrence next Spring

Next Spring — as if the great St. Lawrence river had no purpose but to smooth her regal progress — the beautiful new "Empress of Britain", flagship and pride of the Canadian Pacific, will glide right into the heart of Canada — to Quebec and Montreal.

The new liner, third of the name, is the latest addition to the White Empress fleet, which offers swift and regular sailings on the Britain-Canada service. Her passengers will find every detail to be in keeping with her streamlined cut. Witness the echeloned decks, with their uncluttered invitation to the sun; witness the stabilizers for steadiness in all weathers; everything, indeed, from the great ballroom to the individual bedrooms, all of which are separately air-conditioned.

All that conduces to modern comfort, both for First Class and Tourist, has been included. Each traveller will know, too, that he or she can, if need be, continue the journey by rail in the lavish lap of Canadian Pacific Service.

The Empress of Britain sails from Liverpool on 20th April on her maiden voyage. Cabot himself would have wished to be aboard.

Canadian Pacific

INFORMATION FROM YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2. TEL: WHITEHALL 5100.
103 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.3. TEL: AVENUE 4707 OR ANY OTHER CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICE.



The car so many people are so very proud to own!

THE A90 SIX WESTMINSTER. Big. Fast. Stylish. With a near-silent 2.6 litre six-cylinder O.H.V. engine that will give you a true 90 m.p.h. OVERDRIVE is available as an optional extra to give refined performance and more m.p.g.

Fittings, lines and comfort are in the luxury class. A huge boot takes the family luggage and more.

Here is a car that makes travel both enjoyable and exciting. A car to be proud of. Like the A30 Seven and A40- A50 Cambridge, it's a true-blooded Austin.

REMEMBER—Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.



AUSTIN — you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

ESSO INDUSTRIAL LUBRICATION ADVISORY SERVICE

GETTING DOWN TO EARTH

The specialist is often portrayed as having his head in the clouds — but when it comes to righting industrial lubrication wrongs, the Esso Lubrication Specialist always adopts a down-to-earth attitude.

With our panel of specialists working on your lubrication problem, the sky's the limit.

They are always ready to drop in and offer expert advice and recommendations on the correct lubricant for *your* machinery.

If you are interested

why not write to us today?

No charge of course — it's part of the Esso service.



LUBRICANTS FOR INDUSTRY

London Division: 101 Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Tel: Hyde Park 8464.

Midland Division: Little Aston Hall, Little Aston,
Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.
Tel: Four Oaks 1520-1528, 1543-1547.

South-Western Division: Eagle House, St. Stephen's
Street, Bristol. Tel: Bristol 21371.

Northern Division: 77 Whitworth Street, Manchester 1.
Tel: Manchester, Central 8494.

Scottish Division: 36 Renfield Street, Glasgow, C.2.
Tel: Glasgow, Central 9888.

Northern Ireland Branch: 1 Donegall Square South,
Belfast. Tel: Belfast 20471.

meet

**in the
laboratory**

The Mathemagician is no scientist, searching for a means of propelling the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time onto the next planet, or into the next world. His position in the laboratory is that of an impartial adviser on matters of fact — and figures. He is the symbol of FACIT . . . the means to fast, efficient computing in the Backrooms of Britain. The scientist with his head in the radio-active clouds and the businessman with the world at his feet, find Facit an asset . . . bringing machine-perfect multiplication and division, via the simple, foolproof ten-key system. Full details are yours for the asking.

Block & Anderson Ltd.,
58-60, Kensington Church
Street, London, W.8.
Tel: WEstern 2531.



FACIT

ten-key
calculators



business machine

**the
mathemagician**

BUDGETING FOR EXPENDITURE WITH BOWMAKER

New plant —old problem

When an urgent need for new plant presents financial problems, the use of Bowmaker industrial finance facilities will often provide a prompt, practical solution. By budgeting for expenditure out of earnings, new plant and machinery may be acquired without costly delays or major disturbances of capital. Enquiries to any of our branch offices will receive prompt, personal attention—your local telephone directory will give you the address and telephone number of your nearest Bowmaker branch.

BOWMAKER
INDUSTRIAL BANKERS

BOWMAKER LTD., Bowmaker House, Lansdowne, Bournemouth
London: 61 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Branches throughout the U.K.

M-W.140

all over the world
where good taste
and pleasure
meet

**Dry Monopole
Champagne**

THEY & BROWNING & HALLIDAY LIMITED
SUFFOLK HOUSE
1 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL
LONDON, S.E.4

FOR A
Life-Long
FRIEND

A
Life-Long
PROPELLING
PENCIL

IN ROLLED GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL SILVER
FROM LEADING JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS

Curry!
and
don't
forget the

"green label"
chutney
SLICED MANGO

OUTCLASSES ALL SWEET PICKLES!

P. Vencatachellum's
GENUINE MADRAS
CURRY POWDER
Peacock Brand
FROM ALL GOOD GROCERS AND STORES

PARKINSON'S
OLD
Fashioned
Butter Drops

PARKINSON'S
OLD
Fashioned
Bumbags

Parkinson's
DONCASTER

EST. 1917
5, PARKINSON & SON, DONCASTER, LIMITED

LORD LOVAT, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., LL.D., D.L., J.P., is the 17th Baron and chief of a famous clan. The barony was created over five hundred years ago. Simon Christopher Joseph Fraser, born in 1911, was educated at Ampleforth and Magdalen College, Oxford. In the 1939-45 War he served in the Commandos and led the first wave of the assault on the Normandy beaches on D Day. As well as the M.C. and D.S.O., he won the Légion d'Honneur and Croix de Guerre avec palme. In 1945 he was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He farms extensively in the Highlands and has an international reputation as a breeder and judge of beef cattle. He lives at Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire, with his wife and six children, and takes a leading part in Highland affairs.



"My Daily Mail" by LORD LOVAT

THERE are many reasons why I read the Daily Mail. As a Scotsman keenly interested in Scottish affairs, I find that it presents the events of the day in correct perspective, while Scottish problems are treated with sympathy and understanding.

We have our own national newspapers in Scotland, but it is nevertheless good to have one which caters for the whole country and the overall picture. The Daily Mail covers

the Scottish field extremely well, and has become part of life north of the Border.

I like the newspaper for its sensible, easy-to-read leading article, for its realism, its refusal to pander to some of the more sensational elements in modern life, and, in particular, for the thorough coverage it gives to agricultural affairs.

I always read the Daily Mail. In fact, I read it from cover to cover."

What you should know about "Nerves"

The first in a series of facts about your "nerves", based on years of medical research and the experience of millions of people.

When you complain of feeling "run down" your doctor will probably write the word "neurasthenia" on your medical card. This is a Greek word meaning nerve weakness. It may surprise you, when you complain of being easily tired, with no energy or inclination to tackle your daily tasks, that your doctor should diagnose this as *nervous exhaustion*. But doctors know that when your symptoms cannot be traced to any definite physical cause, then the root of your trouble must be "nerves".

But a "run-down" feeling is only one of the many symptoms of "nerves".

Watch for these symptoms

Worry. To worry continually is neither normal nor healthy, and can usually be traced to some nervous disturbance. If, then, you seem to worry more than other people, it is more than likely that your "nerves" are to blame.

Depression. Your whole outlook as your doctor will tell you, is profoundly influenced by your nervous mechanism. If you are subject to long periods of depression, it is probably a sign that your "nerves" are at fault.

Irritability. In nearly every case of normally healthy people becoming excessively irritable and bad-tempered, the trouble can be traced to "nerves".

Sleeplessness. Sleeplessness is often the result of emotional stress or unconscious anxiety caused by nervous tension. Rid yourself of this tension, restore the normal equilibrium of your

"nerves", and sound sleep should automatically follow.

The cause of "nerves"

It's not just the "highly-strung" person who is prone to "nerves". Even an apparently placid person, at some time or other, experiences periods of nervous tension. When this happens, an exceptionally high demand is made on nervous energy, which in turn, reacts on the nerve cells. Now the efficient working of your nervous system depends upon the activity of these nerve cells. Unless they receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", retarding the normal growth of nervous tissue. To restore their health, they must be replenished with supplies of these two vital substances.

How Sanatogen can help

Sanatogen is specially formulated to supply weakened nerve cells with the vital nourishment they need—large amounts of concentrated protein and phosphorus.

By giving this extra "boost", Sanatogen exerts a powerful influence on both your nervous and physical structure. It improves the whole fabric of your health, helps correct your "nerves" and restores your strength when you are "run-down", and gives you that feeling of well-being and tranquillity which is the mark of sound health and a stable nervous system.

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad.

Sanatogen

STRENGTHENS YOUR NERVES

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.



The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genatogan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

'Viyella' Longsox 7/9

Self-supporting.
Nylon-spliced
at toes and heels.
Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
comfort.



Viyella

NYLON SPICED



'Viyella' Sox 6/9

Nylon for
toes and heels.
'Viyella' for
health and
comfort.

takes care

'Viyella' Gamesox 5/9

Ankle-length.
Self-supporting.
Refreshingly cool
for sub-tropical
wear.



of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE



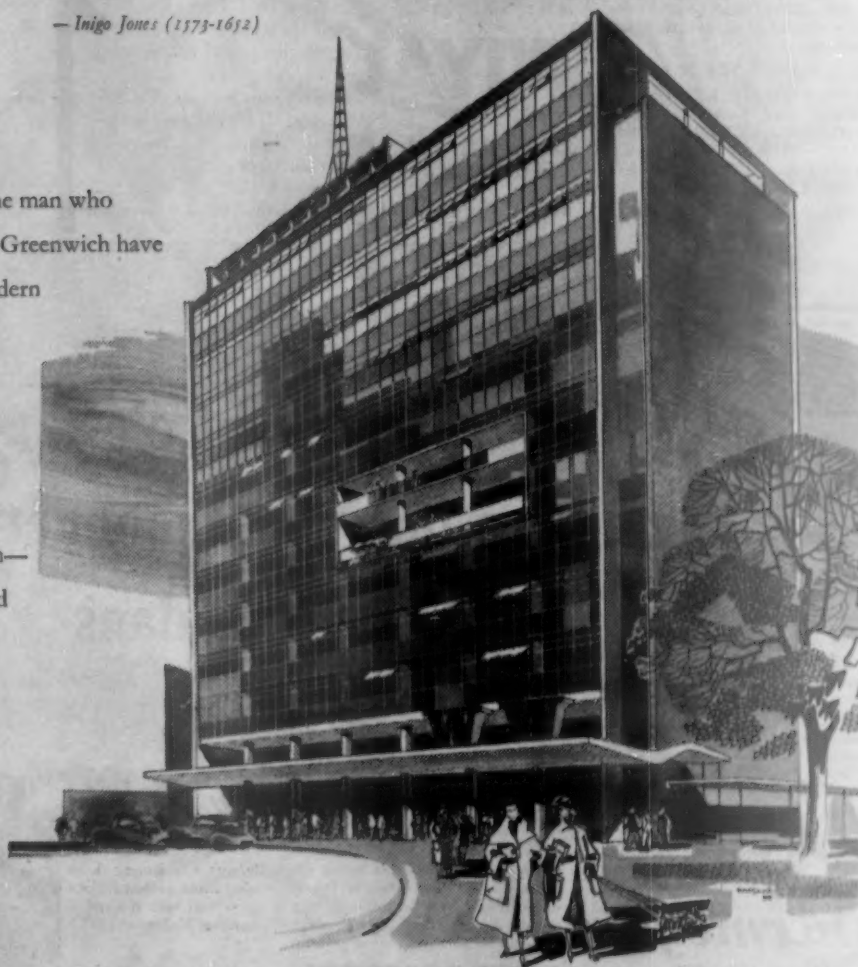
"Sollid, Proporsionable . . . Masculine and Unaffected . . ."

— Inigo Jones (1573-1652)

Can the architectural ideas of the man who designed the Queen's House at Greenwich have any possible relationship to modern techniques in construction?

We think so.

Wallspan is a speedy, labour-saving method of outer wall construction employing new materials to form facades which—while 'solid, proportionable and unaffected'—introduce a new atmosphere of light and air into workaday buildings.



What Wallspan is. The weight of modern buildings is borne by the structural frame: the outer walls are nowadays a protective facade only. Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy formed of vertical and horizontal members. The grid is bolted to the building's structure. Into it go windows and doors. The wall is then rapidly completed with suitable panelling.

Speed! One man can handle the Wallspan grid members. Joints are simple and there is an absolute minimum of fixing components. As a result, even multi-story walls can go up in a few days!

Beauty! A great variety of infilling panels is available in glass, metal and other materials, in numerous textures and colours. So your architect has unusual scope for beautiful and functional design.

Comfort! You can have panelling which gives up to 50 per cent better insulation against cold—or against heat—than 11-inch cavity brick walls.

Space! The Wallspan grid need be no thicker than 5 inches; the panels no more than half that. That means *extra* rentable space all round each floor.

Little Maintenance! The beauty of Wallspan is permanent. Pointing and painting are done away with. The walls can be kept clean by the window cleaners.

Why not have a word with your architect about the possibilities of Wallspan for any new building you may have in mind!

WALLSPAN

CURTAIN WALLING WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS RELIANCE WORKS • CHESTER

YOU'LL BE USING YOUR BUILDING SOONER—MUCH SOONER—IF IT HAS WALLSPAN WALLS

Hatchards

Booksellers since 1797

BOOKS

HERE on the shelves of the world's most famous booksellers, will be found books for all ages and tastes—from Antiquarian and second-hand books—to the latest novels and books for children.

DEPARTMENTS

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS,
Standard and Long Playing,
STATIONERY, CHRISTMAS
CARDS, SUBSCRIPTIONS,
PICTURES, BOOKBINDING,
THEATRE TICKETS.

Accounts opened on request

187
PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.
Tel.: REG 3201 (6 lines)

As you
make your
bed . . .

. . . so you may lie in perfect comfort, safe from cold and damp throughout the long winter nights, if you have a Thermega—**FIRST and FINEST** of all electric blankets. The ideal Christmas present. From £7.6.0 Tax Paid.

For soothing
warmth and
relief from
pain use
Thermega
Pads.
From 66/-
Tax Paid.



'Thermega'
1954

ELECTRICALLY HEATED
BLANKETS AND PADS

Thermega products carry the seal of guarantee of the British Good Housekeeping Institute.

FROM LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS,
ELECTRICAL RETAILERS AND ELECTRICITY SHOWBOOMS.

THE THERMEGA LTD., 51-53 VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1. TEL: ABBEY 3701



W. & T. RESTELL

Auctioneers of
Wines, Spirits
and Cigars

Auctions
conducted
throughout
the year.

Catalogue
on request.

Fulfilling its
obligation to
the letter

In the office, at home or on a business trip—the Diana portable serves you equally well. With its "Big Typewriter"

ROYAL
Trade Mark
DIANA
PORTABLE

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS, 27 Bankside, London, S.E.1
Telephone: WATERLOO 7551/5



features and attractive carrying case, it is clean and efficient in operation. It is available with or without a key-set tabulator.



Maintenant c'est

NOW IS

au tour de Dubonnet

THE TIME FOR DUBONNET

de rentrer dans

TO COME TO THE AID OF

la danse.

THE PARTY.

(Comme d'habitude!)

AS USUAL!

Parties go with an extra swing when Dubonnet is among those present. One of the joys of this enlivening drink is that it does not affect the liver. Another is that it mixes well with gin and is equally delicious neat or with soda. Get a bottle of Dubonnet (20/-) to help you plan your next party.

DUBONNET

DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



**Worried by
INDIGESTION?**

I've found the answer!

"I had just the same trouble some years ago . . . such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer . . . 'Milk of Magnesia'; it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."
'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

**'MILK' of
MAGNESIA'**
WATSON, TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion

Make a
meal of it
with

Rayner's

**INDIAN
MANGO
CHUTNEY**

At all good Grocers

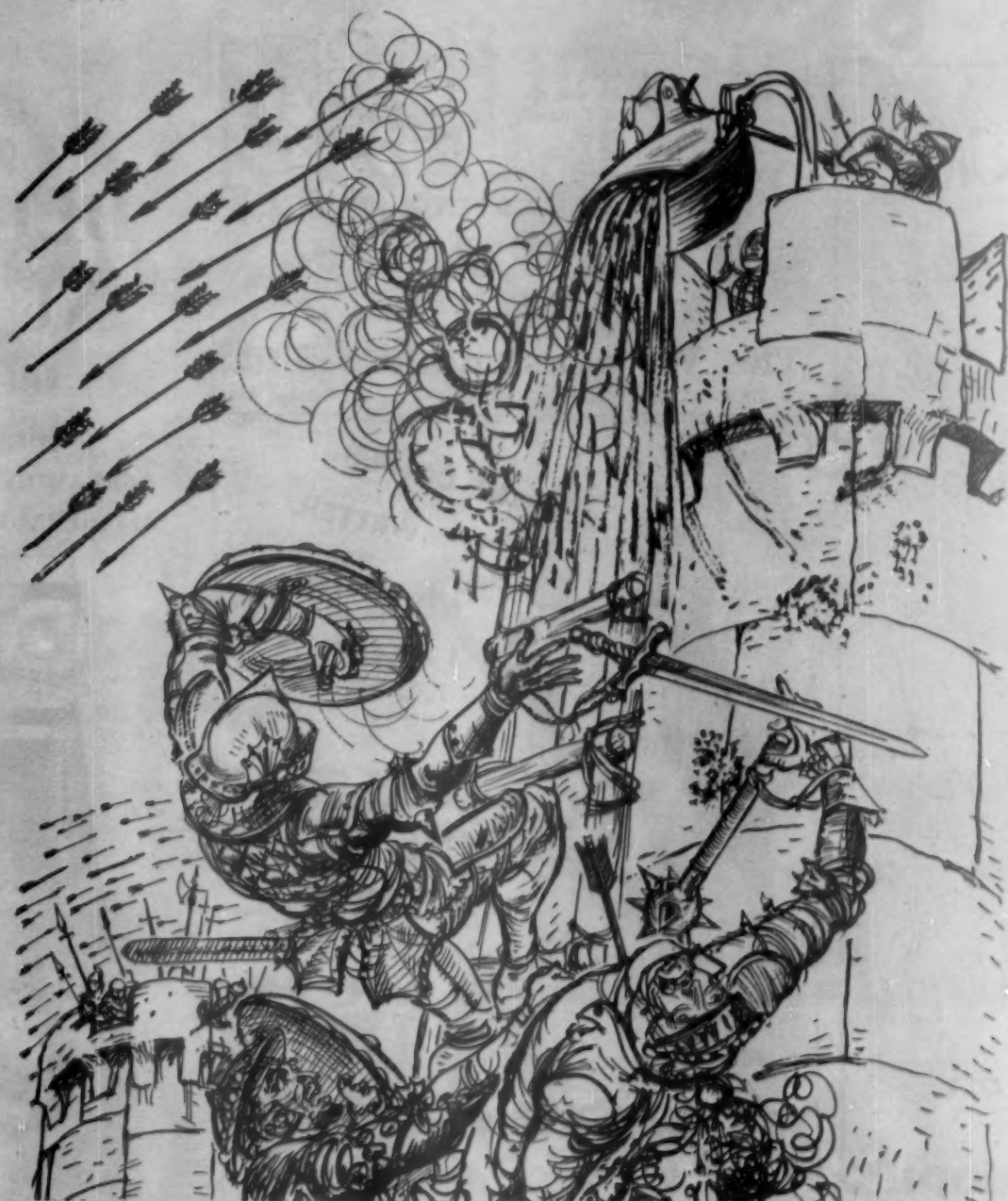


A Rare
Compliment
to your
Palate

BISQUIT COGNAC & CO
COGNAC

*Ask your
draper for*

**Cash's
RIBBONS**



Keeping the Castle

Where now does lead keep the Englishman's castle safe? In a hundred places.

All outside woodwork is, or should be, protected and preserved with lead paints. Lead protects home pleasures, too. Without lead to solder their intricate parts, your

radio and television sets would fall to pieces. Without lead, welcome visitors could not ring your bell.

As custodian of home comfort, lead is worth many times its weight in gold. The people who know about the many uses of this invaluable metal are Associated Lead.

ASSOCIATED LEAD MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

LONDON • NEWCASTLE • CHESTER



The
world's
Soundest
sleepers



sleep
on

Dunlopillo

pillows

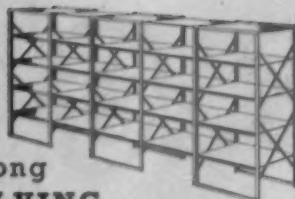


THE
IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
from all good stores

45/-

AD/143C

Made in
all sizes up to
9 ft. high and up
to 3 ft. deep



For simple and strong
ADJUSTABLE SHELVING
suitable for all types of storage

Write for list 'C' which has full details of:—
BIN UNITS · STEEL SHELVING · CYCLE RACKS
SLOTTED STEEL · PARTITIONS · LOCKERS, etc.

The Welconstruct Co. Ltd.,
28 MARTINEAU STREET, BIRMINGHAM 2 · MIDLAND 1691



"THE COLDER,
THE WETTER,
THE BETTER
I LIKE IT!"

Ice flows in your veins? We bet you'd love a "Warmabed" Electric Blanket to keep your bed as warm as toast! "Warmabeds"—the world's finest Electric Blankets—do away with dangerous dampness, 100% Pure Wool in Honeysuckle, Periwinkle Blue, Pink or Willow Green. Double £12.13.0, Single £9.15.2, Junior £4.17.4, all including P.T.



Please send for our Free Illustrated Brochure which contains full information about Warmabed Electric Blankets

Warmabed
ELECTRIC BLANKETS

MODERN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, KNOTTINGLEY, YORKSHIRE.



The Brush with the
2 Years Guarantee

TWO NEW SHAVING
BRUSHES FOR MEN

VULFIX

MEDIUM
SIZE
10/6

LARGE
SIZE
15/-

Shaving BRUSH
Made from Bristle and Badger

THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH COMPANY LIMITED
Mottram St., STOCKPORT, Cheshire. 92 Regent St., LONDON W.1.

**BLUE
NUN
LABEL**

THE
CREAM OF ALL
LIEBFRAUMILCH



THE
RIGHT WINE
RIGHT
THROUGH
THE MEAL

H. SICHSEL & SONS LTD · LONDON · W.C.2



*A distinctive contribution to
the art of gracious living*



PLAYER'S
"PERFECTOS FINOS"

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 15/1 100's 30/2
PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 12/1 100's 24/2

PP32A



**Give me
NUGGET**

IT OUTSHINES
ALL OTHERS

NUGGET BLACK
IS BLACKER

THE NEW DARK
BROWN IS RICHER



*You can
rely on
NUGGET*

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING SHOE POLISH

MAGICIAN..MARINER ..MINISTER OF WORKS



COMMODORE CHIEF ENGINEER W. D. PACEY, of the P & O Fleet

THERE goes your 'phone—who can it be? The Commander asking for an extra two knots . . . the Engineer on watch reporting an overheated bearing . . . the Purser's Department reporting a lighting failure in cabin 109? It could be anyone from Chef to Staff Commander, worried about anything from electricity for the galley stove to ice for the Tourist Bar.

All telephones lead to you, because you have all the answers. Every day your giant evaporators magically produce 500 tons of pure drinking water from the sea . . . your refrigerators preserve tons of perishable foodstuffs and cargo . . . your laundry keeps the linen fresh and clean. From dawn to dawn your generators make the electricity that keeps food hot, radios alive, lights alight; you even provide the answer with your new fangled stabilisers to the seasick passenger's prayer and your great turbines turn the propellers that drive your floating city 500 miles a day. Yes, you are a magician—and more. You are Commodore Chief Engineer W. D. Pacey . . . a "Minister of Works" at sea . . . a mainstay of P & O. And P & O is a mainstay of the Commonwealth.

Operating from 127 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3,
the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company
links Britain and Britain with the Mediterranean,
Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya
and the Far East.

P & O

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE

ROSS'S Belfast Lemonade

"The daintiest that they taste"

—Henry VI (2), a. III, s. 2

Always ask for . . .

ROL CUT

Secateurs

GREEN PARK HOTEL

37, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly,
LONDON, W.1. Mayfair 7522

200 luxury bedrooms, all with radio, T.V.,
telephones, central heating and H & C.
Exceptional food, courteous service, and
the most attractive cocktail bar in Mayfair.

"MELANYL"

THE MARKING INK
MARKS LINEN

INDELIBLY



The Treasured Gift

Sophos CRESTED CUFF LINKS

Highly polished and heavily Gold Cased, with
Crest and Colours of any Club, School, O.B.
Association, Regiment, etc., faithfully repro-
duced in exact detail in coloured enamels.

Each pair in presentation case.
Any one of over 800 designs in
production . . . 50/-. Obtainable
from all leading Men's Wear
shops, and some Jewellers.

A product of Lambournes (B'ham) Ltd.

This Christmas send Flowers to your friends overseas



The nicest way of saying 'Happy Christmas' is with a gift of beautiful, fresh, untravelled flowers or plants, delivered when and where you wish at home or abroad. Place your orders now for Christmas delivery in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other countries overseas, and save on last minute transmission costs.

Over 2,000
Florist members
at your service
in Great Britain
alone.



INTERFLORA

The World-Wide FLOWER RELAY SERVICE

PHILLIPS

BRISTOL SHERRIES



BRISTOL MILK (Old Golden)
BRISTOL AMBER (Dry)
BRISTOL BUTT (Brown)

ROQUITA CREAM (Pale Golden Rich)

J. R. Phillips & Co. Ltd.
BRISTOL 1

Established before the Year 1782

We are
PLAY SAFE

We have printed velvet faces and soft plush bodies. We have been made especially safe for tiny hands to clutch and cuddle.

Wendy Boston

SOFT TOYS



* Send today for a free copy of the hand-bag size booklet on the choice of soft toys for young children, from:
Wendy Boston, Queen St., Abingdon.

A Brilliant success

A good head is never unruly but even the best hair needs the brilliant touch of Cussons Imperial Leather Brilliantine. It is a luxury that flatters even the finest head of hair.



Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER
Brilliantine



FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK ST, GROSVENOR SQ, LONDON W1

"Oh, stop
your
sulking—
I'll put
more
Angostura
in your Old
Fashioned"



ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS

E.G. at Breakfast

Rising at eight, or rising
eighty, give the new-born
day new sparkle by sprink-
ling ANGOSTURA on
your MORNING GRAPE-
FRUIT.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS (Dr. J. F. B. Siegert & Sons) Ltd. Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

PORTABLE CENTRAL HEATING

PORTABLE PANEL MODEL



Heat with a

HURSEAL

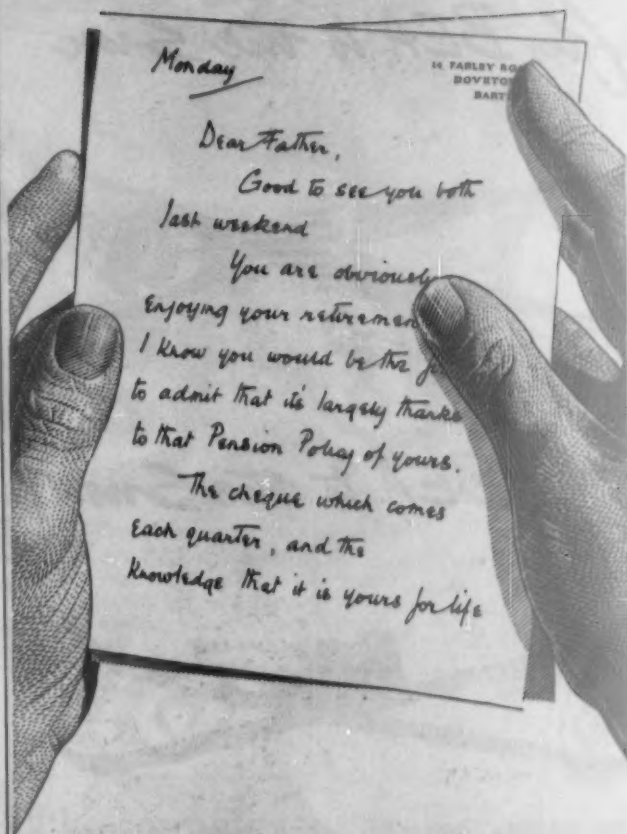
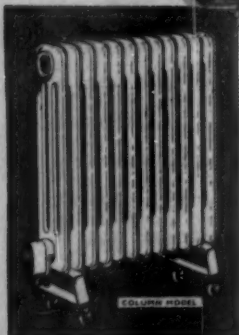
PERMANENTLY SEALED
OIL-FILLED • ELECTRIC
THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED

SAFETY RADIATOR

TROUBLE FREE • NO MAINTENANCE

You simply plug it in anywhere

From £11.19.8d. (inc. P.T.) H.P. terms available
Models also available for Gas, Paraffin or
Bottled Gas Operation. Ask locally or write to
HURSEAL LTD., 225 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



Yours for life...

Your retirement day may seem a long way off
but now is the time to plan for it. And the
easiest, surest way to real security is with a
Standard policy—a policy designed to make
your retirement free from financial worry.

Write for 'Yours for Life'

a free booklet explaining most of our policies

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1825

*'Yours
for Life'*

Head Office: 3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH

London Offices: 3 ARCHURCH YARD, CANNON STREET, E.C.4

15A PALL MALL, S.W.1



fly BEA to the Sun



fly BEA to the Snow



You will find a wealth of sun and snow awaiting you in Europe this winter. Once you have chosen your resort, do not waste a moment in getting there. Fly BEA and the whole journey will take only a few hours and yet cost much less than you expect. For snow-lovers, the off-peak tourist return fare to Basle is only £18.19 (from December 16), the tourist return fare to Munich £34.12. Oslo £42.6. Stockholm £50.17. For sun-lovers, the tourist return fare to Nice is £35.15. Palma £41.14. Tangier £54.18. Naples £54.4. For these fares, you get admirable food and refreshments; smooth and enjoyable flight in Viscount or Elizabethan airliners; excellent service throughout. Ask your Travel Agent for the folders that give full information about BEA flights to the sun and snow places of the continent. Or consult your nearest BEA office, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERRARD 9833.

fly BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Searching for peace and quiet on your winter travels? Browse through the BEA booklets and folders.

Ask your Travel Agent for these and full details of cheaper inclusive holidays.

BALEFUL BURGLAR becomes a "regular" old lag

Lemmy's a cat-burglar. One week he does a penthouse and the next Pentonville does him. But lately you'd think he had used up eight of his nine lives. "Ullo, 'ullo," I said to him, "and what have you got in those bags beneath your eyes?"

"Nark it," sighed Lemmy. "My nerves are not what they were. If I go on having all this trouble with my innards, one of these nights a drain-pipe's going to let me down."

"One pipe already has," I said.

"Wassat?" grumbled Lemmy.

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is 30 feet long and it's inside you. All your grub has to go through it; and you've muscles down there to jemmie it along. Trouble is, they can't get a grip on the sort of soft, starchy food we eat nowadays."

"Lummy," flipped Lemmy. "What does that get me?"

"Chokey!" I cried. "Your food is arrested for loitering on enclosed premises, and that old bogey constipation sends you down for a long stretch without the option. Your only legal aid," I said, "is bulk."

"Bulk?" asked Lemmy. "Don't need any extra weight in my game."

"You don't," I agreed. "You need a little Kellogg's All-Bran every morning for breakfast. Because it gives your bowel muscles bulk to work on, it keeps your body 'regular'."

"Strewth," said Lemmy, and scurpered.



A week later, I'm just studying a paper that says "£100,000 gem haul in Mayfair," when up pops Lemmy again—his pockets clinking. "Ullo, 'ullo," I said. "You back in business?"

"In a big way," chortled Lemmy. "I've never looked back since you put me on that All-Bran. It certainly made me 'regular'."

"A very nice inside job," I said.

★

Why Kellogg's All-Bran surely and gently relieves constipation

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

STOP DRAUGHTS!!

with

SEALDRAUGHT

DO YOU
REALISE?

Do you realise that the gaps around a leaky window can equal a hole 5" in diameter?



Associate Company of
**HURSEAL
LIMITED**

Enjoy the full comfort of a warm home free from the entry of draughts and smog and all their attendant dangers to health. Have your home fitted with special Sealdraught sprung bronze weatherstrip.

The results are permanent, guaranteed for 10 years and will in fact last as long as the house it insulates. Sealdraught is fitted by specially trained craftsmen of our country-wide organisation of agents.

Sealdraught is less expensive than comparable systems of draught proofing. To completely draught-proof an exterior door, for instance, costs about £4.

A Sealdraught representative will gladly call, without obligation, to give you free advice and an estimate of how to rid your home of draughts for all times and enjoy real home comfort.

Write today for a fully detailed leaflet and address of nearest agent.

SEALDRAUGHT LTD

229 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1 Tel: ABB 3571

"so cool and fragrant"



Barneys

The ideal tobacco

"I know of no tobacco so cool and fragrant and one which keeps so well in the many different temperatures that I experience . . . Actually I wanted a change of tobaccos after years of heavy smoking and tried out a great many different sorts before deciding that Barneys was the only one that filled the bill."

This letter can be seen at
11, Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. The full strength variety is known as Punchbowl. Whilst in the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/7½d. the ounce.

And

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.



Everybody loves a toddy

For resisting threatening chills and inducing serenity of mind the hot toddy has the approval of centuries. Just lemon, spices and boiling water if you wish, but for the fullest measure of enjoyment, add 'Myers' that most delectable product of Jamaica.

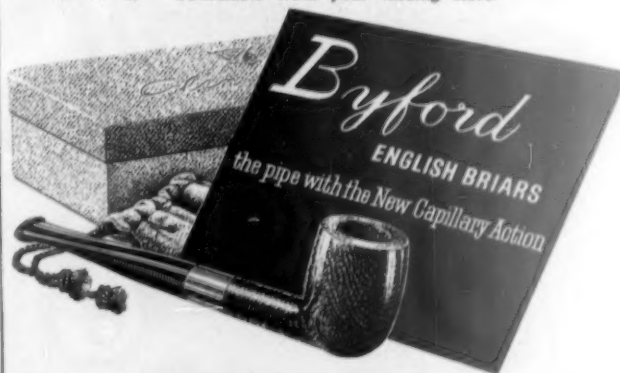
**MAKE
MINE
MYERS**

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM · PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA
HMC 4437

The connoisseur will smoke a *Byford*

... not only because he will recognise it at once as a thoroughbred amongst briar pipes, but also because of its revolutionary new capillary collector. This gives COOLER smoking - for vapours and hot gases are condensed - and SAFER smoking - because the collected moisture carries away with it a high proportion of the nicotine and harmful tars.

The Byford is packed in an attractive leather or silk pouch and presentation carton, and is priced from £3 to £5. Obtainable from your leading store.



Colin Byford Ltd 15, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W. 1.

“ . . . in one of our new depots it now takes only 0.44 man/hours for each ton moved, whereas under the old system it took 1.22 man/hours

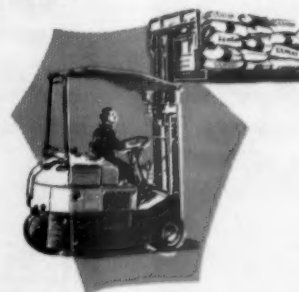
Lord Heyworth

Chairman
UNILEVER LTD.

. . . . Handling methods have been revolutionised by the fork lift truck and the pallet. This method has the advantage of moving and storing goods in unit-loads of a pre-determined number of standard packages to each pallet. It enables them to be stacked much higher without damage, and to be moved more easily both vertically and horizontally. It simplifies the administrative work in store-keeping and it greatly speeds up the turn-round of transport vehicles, both rail and road”

FORK LIFT TRUCKS are made by

Coventry Climax



COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED (DEPT. A) COVENTRY, ENGLAND